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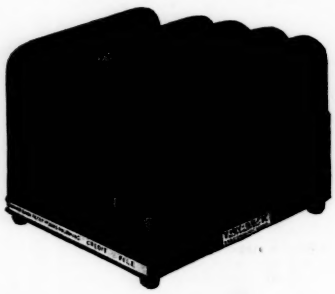

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In Our Mail Bag

by BETTY MANNING

Blankety! Blank! Blank! Blank! Of all things! Of course you don't have to switch your subscription to get the Teachers' Edition. Just proof that you are a bonafide dance teacher (and your stationery will prove that) is all that is requested of you. We are getting plenty of letters from teachers saying that you certainly are missing something if you don't get the teachers' edition, and to think its the first time they have heard about it. Where have you all been since last October? Serves you all right! (No, I really don't mean that). I am delighted to get your letters and I'll meet you more than half way by sending you the Teachers' supplement to the magazines you missed, if you promise, when you receive the March Teachers' Edition, to answer this message and promise too, to read the magazine from cover to cover. Is it a bargain? There is Marion Le Febre way up there in the northwest who is wondering about her Teachers' copy and Doris Lewis way down in Maryland and several dozens in between.

Then there's Bobbie Borin who wants more tap in DANCE Magazine. Something for that Chattanooga Chu-Chu Bobbie? That's where she hails from, good old Chattanooga.

Don't forget to let me know about your recitals in May.

Violet Fowkes, we are proud of you for your work in your local shipyard in Canada. You bet we will send your DANCE Magazine to your residence, without fail, and it will be the Teachers' Edition.

Oh! gosh, before I forget, how about all these subscriptions I am holding "Moved left no address" surely you must be living somewhere, you couldn't just move off the earth, or could you?

Some one wants to know where Earle Wallace, erstwhile of Los Angeles, has moved to. Wish we knew, but we don't, so we are starting a paging department right now. Paging Earl Wallace! Anyone having information drop us a card.

* * *

I wish to express my enjoyment and appreciation of your magazine. I always look forward to it with great anticipation.

The Dance Calendar in the current number is very timely and I hope it may be possible to have it as a regular feature. That has been an objection to your magazine, the fact that all dates announced for any performances were usually past by the time the magazine reached the subscriber. So congratulations on a calendar reaching into March, and I shall be looking forward to as good a one in the next number as I have a vacation coming up in April and I shall be wanting to make the best use of it from the dance viewpoint.

Susan E. Carter, Duxbury, Mass.

(*Continued on Page* 31)

photos: Ann Barzel

Intimate photos taken by our Chicago representative, Ann Barzel, behind scenes at the Chicago Civic Ballet. Top to Bottom: Bettina Rossy, Patricia Bowman and Walter Camryn; Janina Frostovna and Felix Sadowski in Halka; Patricia Bowman in Halka.

On Thin Ice

by MERCURY

Monagram Pictures introduces the dancer-skater, BELITA who is the first of the movie stars to have won equal honors in both arts. Opening March 18 at the Palace Theatre, New York, "Silver Skates" will present a galaxy of skating stars including EUGENE TURNER, 1940 national figure skating champion, IRENE DARE and DANNY SHAW, skating's most youthful team and FRICK and FRACK, hilarious ice comedians, PATRICIA MORRISON and KENNY BAKER play the leads.

At a preview of "Silver Skates" we were thrilled to find Belita all her advance press notices promised. Here is a real dancer on ice. If anybody doubts that skating can be enhanced by dance technique and feeling, they won't doubt it after seeing Belita. Conversely, if any one believes dancing has nothing to learn from skating, see Belita. This is an age of synthesis. Arts are getting together. Not the least important is the marriage of skating and dancing.

Irene Dare is a marvelous little performer and her partner, Danny Shaw is also attractive. Frick and Frack amuse as usual with their slapstick antics superimposed on skillful skating.

All in all, "Silver Skates" is a movie no dancer or skater should miss.

* * *

This is the third time we've seen the swell ice show at the New Yorker and Adele Inge is still scaring the heart out of her audience with her aerial somersault. This is kind of tricky without ice skates, but try it with skates some day. (If you're dying for a chance to get a broken neck.)

Peter Killam, ex of the Sonja Henie show, does a jitterbug number wearing a zoot suit which hangs down to his knees and is of the loudest shade of pink imaginable.

Florence Walters, one of the Ice Beauties, is taking singing lessons. Some gals have all the luck. Pretty, a good skater-dancer, and a voice.

Bob Russel, a landmark of the skating show over at the New Yorker, is now raving about a certain Miss Ingrid. She's not a chorine, but she's got the kind of curly red hair that any chorine would give an eye tooth to have. The mysterious Miss I. is his sixteen month old daughter. Bob, M.C. at the show, introduces some new performers ranging in age from four to twelve years old. No, they're not skaters! He takes the children out of the audience, asks them a few questions about themselves, has them recite a nursery rhyme such as "Jack and Jill" and rewards their efforts with a gift such as a pencil about a foot long and two inches in diameter. The kids are thrilled and the audience giggles hysterically no matter what the children do.

The Rockefeller Center ice pond will furnish the background for seven major films in 1943.

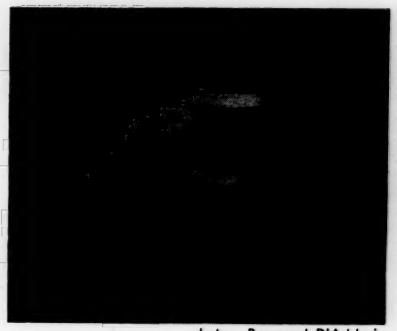

photo: Raymond D'Addario

Doris Schubach and Walter Noffke, Jr., National Senior Pair Champions 1943, are members at the Ice Birds Skating Club of Springfield. They defended their championship at the National Skating Championship at the Madison Square Garden.

National figure skating championship will be skated out over the first week-end in March. The print skating contests will be held at The New York Figure Skating Club March 6, and 7, and the finals in free skating at Madison Square Garden, March 8. This will be a wonderful opportunity for dancers to get acquainted with skaters and their art from all over the U. S. A. Over a hundred champions will compete in the events.

Sonja Henie combines business with pleasure by lunching at the Cafe Francais and sitting smack against the glass wall. She auditions skaters on the adjacent Rockefeller Plaza Ice Rink while eating.

Everyone is asking about the write up in our column, "On Thin Ice", that told about gate receipts and everything else but where it was. Well, it was held in Toronto, Canada. It is held each spring by the Toronto Skating Club

Florence Radosch, 6 year old daughter of a Rockefeller Center rink instructor, has been offered an RKO film as "The Sonja Henie of 1960".

The Springfield Ice Birds are planning a program of activities that will keep all very busy outdoors at "Little Sun Valley" for many hours of winter recreation that is needed by all. Little Sun Valley is owned and managed by Mr. Herbert and Mrs. Marion Meyer and is located on Prospect Avenue, West Springfield. Mrs. Meyer entertained several at the house by showing movies she and Mr. Meyer took of the Ice Capades. Dorothy Bustin, sister of Betty Bustin, who is now with the Ice Capades, and her father Walter R. Bustin, are at Sun Valley almost every night.

A beautifully prepared manuscript of a book on skating has come to our desk. It stresses the dancing value in skating and has some fine ideas on promoting skating as an artistic recreation.

It is written in readable style that amuses, shocks and entertains as it instructs. No doubt many publishers would relish just such a manuscript.

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• Starting with the February issue and thereafter DANCE Magazine will publish information and dates of coming dance attractions anywhere — if such information is received at our office before the 18th of the month preceding date of issue.

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NATIONAL DANCE WEEK

APRIL 25 - MAY 1

For the last nine years National Dance Week has been celebrated throughout the country the week of May Day. Everyone is invited to join.

This year it is especially important that we all get together and make a splendid National demonstration of the importance of dancing in the defense program.

Try to arrange as many meetings, demonstrations, and dance recitals as possible in your community. Your public libraries will be interested in arranging an exhibit of dance books. Public schools will be interested in arranging assembly programs of dancing.

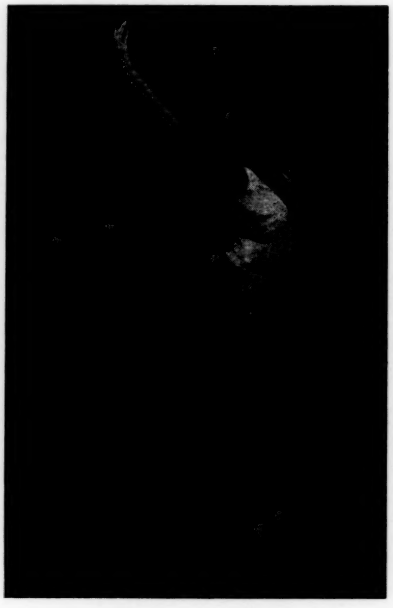
Local music, art, and literary clubs are all glad to have colorful dance programs.

Don't forget "Our Boys". Try to arrange a nice "National Dance Week" evening of dancing and entertainment for them.

Send in all your "National Dance Week" plans for our columns. Watch this space for news.

Urge everyone to enter one of Dance Magazine's National Dance Week Contests.

First photo to be sent in for our National Dance Week photo contest by teacher, Sylvia Hamer. Mary Jean Webber as she appeared with the Ann Arbor Civic Orchestra directed by Dr. Joseph Maddy, in their sixth annual concert.



RULES FOR CONTEST

Essay. Articles of 1000 - 1200 words on Dancing in the National Defense Program must be submitted on white paper, typewritten in double space. All manuscripts submitted become the property of DANCE Magazine. Winning essays will be published in the May, 1943 issue. All winners will receive a complimentary two-year subscription to DANCE Magazine. Essays must be received not later than April 15.

Poems. Poems of not more than fifty lines on the subject of dance. All poems submitted become the property of DANCE Magazine. Winning poems will be published in the May, 1943 issue. All winners will receive a complimentary two-year subscription to DANCE Magazine. Poem must be received not later than April 15.

Photos. Photos will be judged under the following classification: The best solo (male). The best solo (female). The best duet (male and female). The best trio. The best group. The best children's photo. The best skating photo. Photos will be exhibited in New York during National Dance Week. All photos submitted become the property of DANCE Magazine. Winning photos will be published in the May, 1943 issue. All winners will receive a complimentary two-year subscription to DANCE Magazine. Photos must be received not later than March 15.

Posters. Posters must be done in color, and must have "National Dance Week - April 25 - May 2" printed in the design. Also some slogan or reference to dance as morale and physical fitness. Dimensions should be 16 x 20 inches. Posters will be exhibited in New York during National Dance Week. All posters submitted become the property of DANCE Magazine. Winning posters will be published in the May, 1943 issue. All winners will receive a complimentary two-year subscription to DANCE Magazine. Posters must be received not later than April 15.

All material is submitted at the owner's risk and the decision of the Judges must be considered final.

All Judges will be announced next month.

Send in your plans for National Dance Week in your community. We will have a column reserved each month for suggestions for celebrating National Dance Week. Mark April 25 thru May 1 on your calendar now as National Dance Week.

Join in the national celebration of the dance.

• • •

Grace can not exist without ease. Grace is beauty of form under the influence of freedom. (SCHILLER)

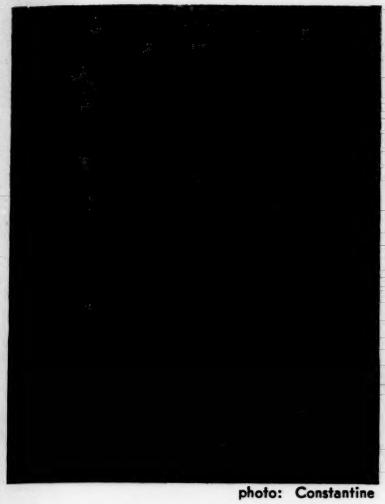


photo: Constantine

Jean and Jacques, still teaching the Saludos Samba with success. They recently taught it to the members of the New York Society of Dancing Teachers and The Dance Educators of America, at their one day convention for teachers.

A Broadcast to U. S. Soldiers in Britain....
Dorothy Norman Cropper

As an American who has lived here seven years and one who has devoted most of her time to various phases of the dance, I am wondering how ballroom dancing here is going to impress my countrymen. To dispel possible misunderstanding on the question, pardon me if I speak directly to them for a few moments.

You Americans newly arrived in Britain will notice before long that there are two outstanding differences between American and British dancing. The first is, that the average British couple has better style, and the second is that ever so often during the evening, so-called "sequence dances" are played when every couple on the floor does exactly the same step at the same time, like the Valeta and the Pride of Erin. If you are used to arranging your own steps to fit what the music seems to indicate to you, you may at first rebel against sequence dances, but once you have the idea you will enjoy them thoroughly and probably write home about a "new" dance — that is, new to you.

If you are a dance fan you will discover that British ballroom dancing has far more elaborate footwork. On closer inspection you will find a more definite technique and if you are wise—you will set about learning it—to your own advantage. At times you will feel stifled by all the rules and regulations, because, to Americans, it doesn't matter in the least whether one does a half or three-quarter turn just so long as the turn is made, but may I point out, that it is just this attention to detail that gives British dancing its superb style.

This, of course, applies to the standard or conservative ballroom dances. If you are a jitterbug you'll be out of luck here as Lindy, Shag, etc. is known only through the medium of movies to the majority of Britishers. It is incomprehensible to them that people should do such things in the ballroom. In case you are interested, let me tell you why this dif-

(*Continued on Page* 24)

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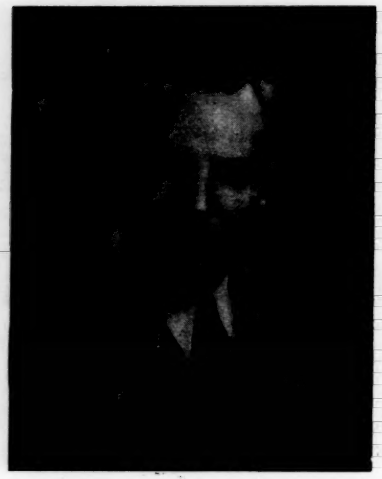

Do You Read DANCE Magazine?

Don't wait until it is too late. Many letters have poured into our office in recent months from teachers, artists, and students, commenting on the good job we are doing with the new, combined DANCE MAGAZINE. I herewith acknowledge your comments with thanks. We do appreciate them. We solicit your comments, favorable as well as constructive. We also wish any news items, no matter from where they come, a soldier's camp in Africa or the home front. A news item from Oshkosh or London. We want DANCE to be your mouthpiece and your dance world mirror, but we need your support.

There are around 30,000 dance teachers in the U. S. A. with an average student enrollment of 100. We know from letters we receive that students in every part of the country are interested in reading DANCE MAGAZINE, and it is in the interest of the teacher that every studio has a desk copy for parents and pupils to peruse.

In November we mailed information, subscription blanks and posters to 27,000 teachers, explaining that DANCE issues two sections of DANCE MAGAZINE. One is the TEACHERS' EDITION which contains eight pages of teacher and professional information, but you have to subscribe for it, as it is only sent to teachers and professional subscribers. Apparently, most teachers did not read the information contained in that mailing. Therefore, I have repeated it here.

After a thorough research, we found that teachers wanted an edition with teacher and professional information. It was also the teachers' suggestion that there be a studio copy for the students in which the teachers' information is omitted.

If you do not receive both copies, write today. We have devised a way to make it easy for you to get them. We do not know how soon we have to stop taking new subscriptions, therefore we urge you to do it *now*.

These are the sort of letters we receive daily.

"May I add my congratulations and thanks to the many others you have received for giving us such a successful and interesting new 'DANCE MAGAZINE' today. The many helpful suggestions and ideas contained in it have aided me no end in my own classes."

Dorothy F. Christison,
Tucson, Ariz.

* * *

I like the magazine so much. It is like food for the starving.

I particularly like the article on the Duncan Congress. I've never seen a group that thrilled me like Irma's and Isadora's Russian children.

I think the Teachers' Section is quite fine.

Lucy Lampkin,
Athens, Ga.

* * *

I find your magazine "Dance" increasingly interesting and valuable.

Carl E. Schmitz.
Haddonfield, N. J.

* * *

You are getting down to the real meat of the dancing teacher's needs, with that special edition. All of the magazine is high class, with a standard that can but bring the dance world up on its toes.

Bird Kirtley,
Joplin, Mo.

* * *

The DANCE MAGAZINE has improved wonderfully this year.

Oscar Hallenbeck,
Albany, N. Y.

* * *

Just a few lines to express my sincere congratulations for your interesting editions of DANCE.

Ballet has many fans in Argentina, and I have no doubt that it calls for success.

To be in contact with our so admired dancers is simply marvelous.

Several Ballet troupes have visited Buenos Aires, and we hope that they will come again to delight us with the deep beauty that their art encloses.

I enclose $3.50 for one year's subscription.

Maria Teresa Alzaga,
Buenos Aires, Argentina

* * *

If you like DANCE MAGAZINE, if you think the dance profession is entitled to proper representation by a national mouthpiece such as ours, I urge you to become vitally interested in it, not only by subscribing to it and reading it, but also by having your friends and pupils read it and subscribe to it.

Send in whatever news you may gather. It's your magazine. We solicit your suggestions and support. Let's make our slogan *"Keep Physically Fit and Dance"*.

Publisher

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Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

The Crescent Moon by Talbot

The dance profession has a new problem to face in the order for shoe rationing.

Shoes are as much an essential part of a dancer's equipment as musical instruments are to an orchestra. You can't be a ballet dancer without ballet shoes, you can't be a tap dancer without tap shoes, or a Spanish dancer without medium heeled evening slippers.

For professionals, the government allows supplementary rations in shoes. Shows that buy shoes for the dancers are permitted to order the necessary number of pairs.

Toe, ballet shoes and barefoot sandles are exempt because they take so little leather.

The big problem will be for the dancing teacher who is planning tap, Spanish and musical comedy numbers for her spring recital.

One solution is to use a coupon and get a good pair of tap shoes and let the children use them for summer shoes without the taps. The musical comedy shoes could be bought in white and then used for white summer dress shoes.

Remember, if you send for shoes by mail, you must enclose your shoe coupon with order.

Whatever comes, children must be properly shod to get the most out of their dance classes. Shoes that do not fit the child, nor the type of dancing, hold the pupil back. So often when a child always wants to sit down, it is because his shoes are uncomfortable. So often his lack of interest in the lesson, and lack of confidence in himse'f, can be traced to shoes that make him feel awkward and uncomfortable.

Let us know how the rationing effects you.

We will try to keep you posted on what we can find out.

Remember, each member of the family can get one pair of shoes up to June 15, and coupon can be allocated among members of a family any way that seems best.

Be sure sure to give the children suf-

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DANCE

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Front Cover: **Belita, dancer-skater, and her partner Frank Turner stars of Monogram's new picture, "Silver Skates."** Photo: Monogram Pictures

Back Cover: **Design by Bernice Oehler — Dance Calendar.**

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photo: Constantine

Ruthanna Boris and Jack Gansert in the opera, "Phoebus and Pan".

In the orchestra or backstage at the "Met"

the echoes of the past, prophesy the future

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA BALLET

by LUCILE MARSH

The Met! What memories, hopes and triumphs it has witnessed. How many dancers have struggled through to fame and fortune from its ranks.

The last stronghold of the old classic opera-ballet tradition in this country! The only place left where a young dancer can live and learn and dance among the great musical and dance masterpieces of the operatic past and present.

There it loomed before us, a great stone building occupying a whole square in the center of New York. As we entered the foyer there were still ermine and sable coats covering fabulous evening dresses, to be seen, but these were the exception rather than the rule.

We took our seats in the orchestra beneath the world famous diamond horseshoe, but the diamonds were conspicuous by their absence. Here and there were a few lavishly dressed plain women; but more, plainly dressed beautiful young girls with their uniformed escorts.

At last the curtain rose on the ballet. In that breath-taking moment one realized what it has meant to all young dancers of yesterday and today to be a part of the great Metropolitan Opera Company. The ballet was "The Dance of the Hours" in the opera of Giaconda.

A fluffy group of ballerinas was disclosed center stage. Almost instantly six little figures in flesh colored ballet tutus fluttered forth from the group and did the first variation.

The remaining group suddenly unfolded and six more dancers pirouetted forth. These were costumed in the pink and flame of dawn. This group had flat gold baskets filled with flowers.

Six little dancers in twilight mauve now entered and danced with silver masks.

The final group was costumed in midnight blue and silver, and each dancer carried a long mist like scarf. A lovely ensemble variation followed in which the different colors of the dancer's costumes turned the stage into a dancing rainbow.

The climax of this scene disclosed Ruthanna Boris in a dazzling white tutu and Alexis Dolinoff dressed in gold, as the Sun God. A lovely adagio followed, then a solo by Miss Boris and another by Dolinoff.

A last ensemble built up to a brilliant finale and brought cries of "bravo" from all over the house. Curtain call after curtain call failed to satisfy the clamoring house. Mr. Novikoff was brought out to share the well deserved applause given to the ballet.

It is even a greater adventure to go back stage in the Met, as it is affectionately called by the dancers. The next day I went in search of the distinguished dancer, choreographer and gentleman, Laurent Novikoff, who now guides the destinies of the ballet of the "Met".

Up and down stairs, over bridges, through corridors lined with scenery and overhung with fabulous properties from the past, I went. From one room came the golden voice of a tenor singing the aria from Rigoletto, from another hall the orchestra boomed the "Triumphal March" from Aida. At last I found the room where the ballet was rehearsing to the exciting strains of the "Bacchanale" from Sampson and Delilah. Dodging the leaping, twirling dancers,

I made my way up another pair of stairs to the hideout of Mr Novikoff, himself.

Mr. Novikoff is one of the few famous artists in the world today, that you will not be disappointed in when you meet him.

Tall and well proportioned, you see in him immediately the dashing partner of Pavlowa who took America by storm in the twenties.

A fine, aristocratic face proclaims the artist, scholar, and gentlemen of the old school. His, has probably been not only one of the most illustrious careers in the art of the dance, but one of the most consistently sustained. He was a member of that first brilliant company that left Russia to make its historic debut in Paris in 1909. Novikoff returned to Russia, however, and was there when the Revolution broke out. Of this, he spoke sadly.

"The artist is always a liberal. It is for the people that he dances. But he is also an aristocrat in his art, and he can never permit anyone to dictate to him what and how he shall dance. We left Russia because, at that time, even art was not free in the great political struggle that was going on."

Novikoff then danced with Pavlowa for five years and later rejoined her company to choreograph the ballet "Don Quixote" for her. He toured again with Pavlowa until 1924.

Wishing to retire from active dancing in 1929, he took the post as Ballet Master in the Chicago Civic Opera which Samuel Insul backed. During this tenure Novikoff organized a ballet school and opera ballet that produced many of the prominent young ballet artist of today, Ed Caton, Alexis Kerenoff, Bentley Stone among them. In connection with the Civic Opera Company, Novikoff built a school of 600 pupils that brought an anuual income of $17,000 a year.

It is still the dream of his life to form a real self-sustaining ballet school and company in conjunction with the opera. By training, experience and devotion to the idea, he is the man to do it.

Mr. Novikoff thinks its a pity that the American public has been fed on such sensational literature about crazy and degenerate artists.

"So many artists are just uninteresting, happily married men like myself", he said.

"Why don't you write your autobiography then?" I asked.

"But how flat and disappointing it would be to a public raised on the sensational lives of the most tragic and bizarre figures in the profession."

But Mr. Novikoff did make the excellent suggestion that we try to give our young students of the dance such books as "Theatre Street" by Karsavina, "Life of Pavlowa" by Daudre, "Letters On Dancing" by Noverre and "Masters of the Ballet" by Andre Levinson, rather than the lives of artists that should be read only by doctors of abnormal psychology.

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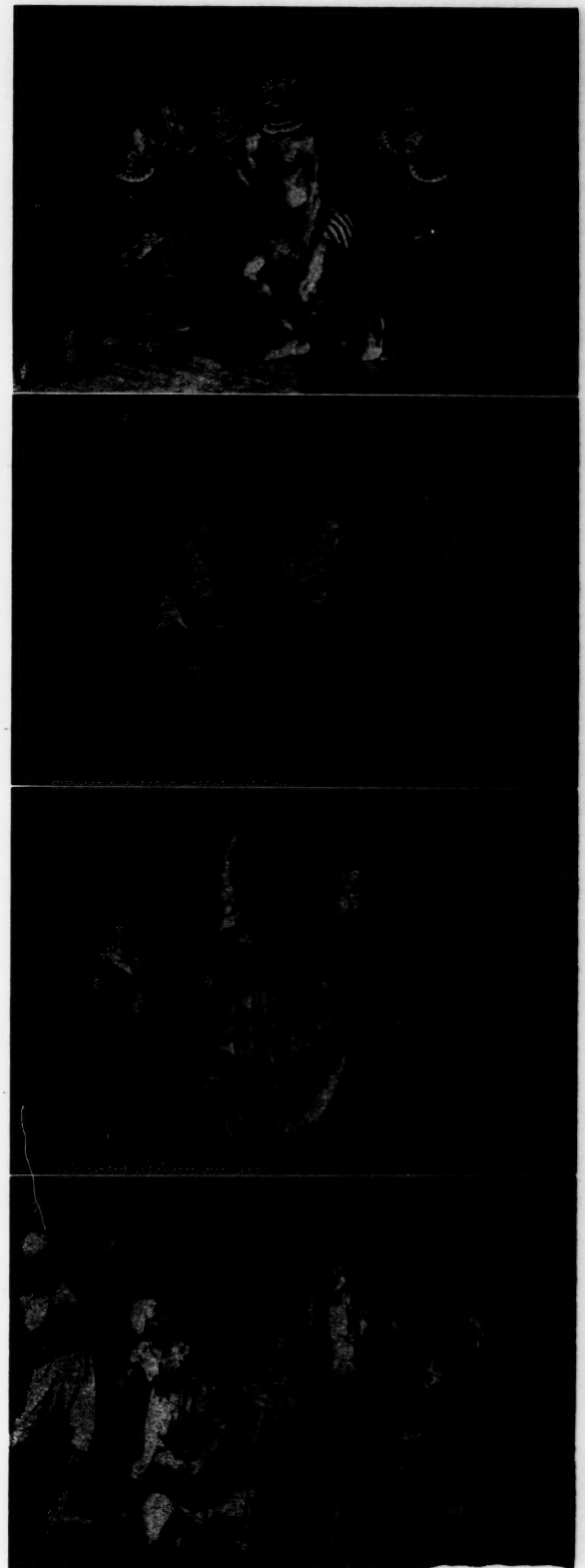

Top to bottom: Alex Dunaeff with the corps de ballet from "Aida"; Alexis Dolinoff, Nina Youchkevitch, Michael Arshansky in "La Traviata"; Michael Arshansky, Monna Montes, Alexis Dolinoff in "Carmen"; Alexis Dolinoff, Michael Arshansky, Ruthanna Boris, Jack Gansert and the corps de ballet in "Lakme". Ballet master, Laurent Novikoff.

photo: Constantine

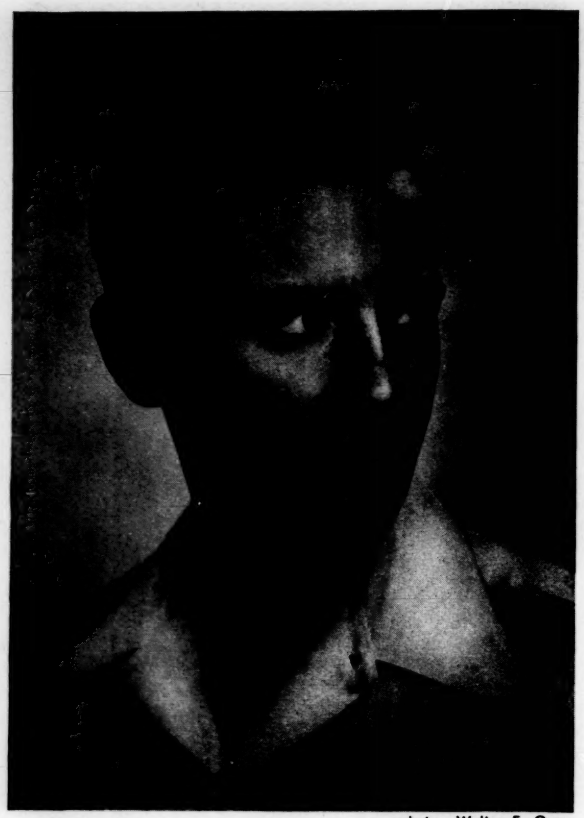

photo: Walter E. Owen

CONSTANTINE

Dancer-Photographer

Starting his art career as a professional dancer, he now becomes official photographer to the dance

THERE was a time when a dancer dreaded to have her picture taken. That was the time when the photographer bade his subject rise into an arabesque sur le pointe, and then disappeared under the black cloak of his camera. When the poor dancer's toes were about to crack off, her smile frozen into an agonizing grimace, and her dress limp from perspiration, the photographer would emerge, and with a flamboyant click of his camera, record her technical inadequacies for all time.

How different today! If you happened to be back stage when the Ballet Russe was having its photographs taken this year, you would have seen a six foot two, young Lothario enter with a small camera in his hand, tell the prima ballerina how to do an arabesque, and then, take off his coat and demonstrate a tour jete with cabriole for the first male dancer. When everybody, including the photographer, had danced themselves into a grand forté, the camera was snapped and the essence of dance movement hung dynamically suspended on the film forever after.

The first time Fokine came upon a ballet being photographer a la Constantine, the young photographer was in the act of demonstrating to Jasinsky the special aerial movement in a variation from "Les Sylphides", which he wanted to catch with the camera. As Constantine finished the variation, Fokine applauded enthusiastically.

"But I'm just the photographer!" Constantine explained blushing deeply.

"The photographer!" exclaimed Fokine, "Still better! At last a photographer who takes off his coat and dances!"

Constantine confesses he was a problem child, getting into more mischief in five minutes than most children can think up in a year. Then one day he was sent to Angelo Patri, principal of P. S. 45.

"This is not a bad boy." said the great educational leader. "All he needs, is to be kept busy creating things!" He then took the child into the art room and gave him a hunk of clay.

The snapper gets snapped. Constantine snapped by his subject as he was demonstrating how to hold an arabesque for camera values.

photo: Larry Sleeper

The reformation was instantaneous. Constantine became the sculptor of the school, moulding the most complicated and fantastic ideas. He drew and painted, too. But it was not until he started to study ballet that he really felt he had found his life's work.

He was fortunate in having Celli as his first teacher.

"There is a fine teacher," said Constantine. "How he worked with me! How he encouraged me! A fine performer, himself, he permitted nothing but the highest classical standards in his pupils. But I started to grow, and I grew, and I grew until Celli threw up his hands in despair. 'When a dancer grows bigger than the proscenium, it is time to give up!' he said."

Constantine, however, could not bear to give up dancing, so he took up tap, ballroom and character dancing. With this equipment he was able to earn a living. As a soloist or one of a team his height was an advantage rather than a handicap, and his dance career developed auspiciously.

It was while dashing from Denver to Colorado Springs, trying to get from one dance engagement to the next, that the car skidded and sent Constantine flying thru the windshield, out of the dance profession, and into a strange interlude that entirely changed his life.

While convalescing in the hospital, with a broken leg, and a thoroughly bashed in and cut up face, Constantine became interested in the study of anatomy. He took courses at the University of Colorado because he also realized he would have to find a new profession. By the end of that year, when he was ready to go back to work, he had passed his examinations for a licensed dermatician. Not only because of his dexterity, but also because of the warmth and kindliness of his nature, Constantine was a great success at this branch of healing.

Back in New York, Constantine got hold of a camera. It fascinated him. He dropped into see his old friend and teacher, Celli. It so happened that Celli was about to retire as teacher from the Ballet Russe. When Constantine mentioned his new interest in photography, Celli suggested that he come over with him and take some souvenir photos of him and the company.

Constantine's debut as a photographer was made that evening snapping Celli with such top notch stars of the dance as Slavenska, Youskevitch, Eglevsky, Danilova and Federic Franklin.

To Constantine's amazement the photographs came out very well. Everybody wanted copies. But that was nothing to the thrill he got working again with his beloved dance. He suddenly realized the camera could create a kind of crystalized dance that was as thrilling in its beauty as the dance itself. This was March.

photo: Constantine

Diana Adams, a dance student whom Constantine refers to as, "All a photographer could ask as a model, pretty, graceful, cooperative".

He went at his new hobby with a vengeance. When C. W. Gibbs, camera expert, saw some of the negatives, Constantine sent in to be developed he realized here was something different. He insisted Constantine learn how to develop and print his own negatives. By September Constantine had an exhibit of his photographs in New York City. Jacob Deschin, noted photographic critic and writer for "The New York Times", wrote up the exhibit in glowing terms.

'Constantine will be the coming photographer because he has a new approach" was his reaction.

Arnold Genthe invited him to tea and congratulated him.

"Never have I seen such a feeling for action, before", was the comment of the dean of photographers on Constantine's dance pictures.

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Left: Constantine practices the torero's fascinating cape technique in the peaceful solitude of a Mexican piazza. Right: Constantine's movement trained eye catches the same gesture as it was done by the famous torero, Canitas, in an exciting bull fight at the famed El Torero, Mexico City.

photo: Constantine

Charles Johnson and Dora Dean introducing the cake-walk in 1893.

STILL DANCING IN THEIR SEVENTIES

Johnson and Dean continue their gay nineties' cake-walk and hold their own in the gayer forties' boogie woogie

by BETTY ANN McGINN

If you want to stay young, keep dancing. This is what Charles Johnson and Dora Dean, better known as Johnson and Dean, will tell you.

And they should know, for he is 71 and she is 70 years old and they are still dancing and what is more, dancing well and getting good bookings.

This colored dance team has made a name for itself the world over. Back in 1891, they introduced the Cake Walk, and today, 51 years later they are still featuring it. This April 24, (1943) they will celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary. But you should see the pep and zip they still have!

It all began when Charles was 19 and Dora 18. They met while working in a small road show. They would practice between shows and on lay-overs. Soon they had an act built up, and good enough to do anywhere, they thought. So they talked to the manager of the show and got permission to try out their soft shoe, song and dance specialty at the evening performance. If he liked it, he would give them a spot in the show.

That night they nervously went through the routine they had been rehearsing for the past months. Somehow, though, they weren't as confident as they had been that morning.

"After the show the manager came over and talked to us," reflects Mr. Johnson.

"But he was very nice about it, Johnson," puts in Mrs. Johnson.

"Oh, yes, he was nice about it," continues Mr. Johnson. "He simply told us we had a good idea, but we had better go back and practice a little longer."

And so they did. They worked twice as hard as they had before, and when the act was finally polished, they asked for a second try-out. This time their specialty was accepted and kept in until the show closed.

From there they went directly to vaudeville. It was one year later that this team introduced a dance called the "Cake Walk" at Hammerstein's Roof Garden. The dance swept the country, and today the words "Cake Walk" and "Gay Nineties" are almost always associated with each other.

(*Continued on Page* 26)

1893-1943

Today, they add a smart boogie woogie to the old time favorites.

A brand new dancing starlet looms on Republic's horizon

photo: Republic Pictures

Chinita from Little Spain

by CORDELIA ENGLISH

There is, in this great many sided metropolis of ours we call New York, a number of tiny countries transplanted from Europe a generation or more ago. These communities keep their mother tongues, customs and manners of the old country, sometimes more religiously than they did before they migrated westward.

In such a "Little Spain" did Chinita spend her childhood, and there were many little brothers and sisters, too, just like there always are in the mother land. Chinita's mother was Spanish and her father Portuguese. Her youth was made up of work, religion and school, frosted only with singing and dancing. But such singing and dancing! It turned life instantly into a gorgeous festival of indescribable joy.

Chinita's mother didn't let her go out with the American girls she met at school. There was too much to do at home, and, anyway, American girls had ideas about clothes and good times that would play no part in Chinita's life. Spanish girls did not go out until they were married.

But Chinita didn't miss what she didn't know about, and then, too she had her dancing and her singing. One day, in her childhood, her mother put a strange sounding record on the Victrola. Chinita could feel her heart beat "strong and fast" as she listened to that record. It made her want to dance more than any music she had ever heard. It was not until many years later she found out this was Afro-Cuban music, and she learned the story and meaning of this wild, ecstatic music.

When Chinita finished school, times became very hard for her mother, who was now the sole support of her large family.

Chinita got a chance to earn some money dancing. She danced at Leon and Eddie's, the Beachcomber, and finally, the Cuban Village. But her mother was always there to meet her after the show and take her home.

Then one day the leading dancer broke her ankle and the manager was looking frantically for someone to take her place.

"I think I can do it" spoke up Chinita.

"What will you dance?" he wanted to know.

"What I've danced all my life," she replied.

Well, it brought down the house. "They thought it was hot stuff," Chinita told me, "But it wasn't. It was really something quite different. It was the Afro-Cuban dance."

About this time a very charming and eligible young man entered Chinita's life. A young South American, named Nestor Amarel who played in Carmen Miranda's orchestra. In the same Spanish Catholic Church where she was baptised, given her first communion and confirmed, Chinita married Nestor and off they went to Hollywood, where her husband was to be in a picture with Carmen Miranda.

It was not long before the famous Miranda heard of Chinita's dancing and asked to see her dance. She was enthusiastic and told Nick Castle, dance director, about Chinita. He sent for Chinita and told her he wanted something wild. In Chinita's own words, the interview was as follows:

"I did a combination Rumba, Conga and Samba. (What a salad!)

"Then I did my favorite Afro-Cuban dance for him, and that got me the job. It's funny how American people

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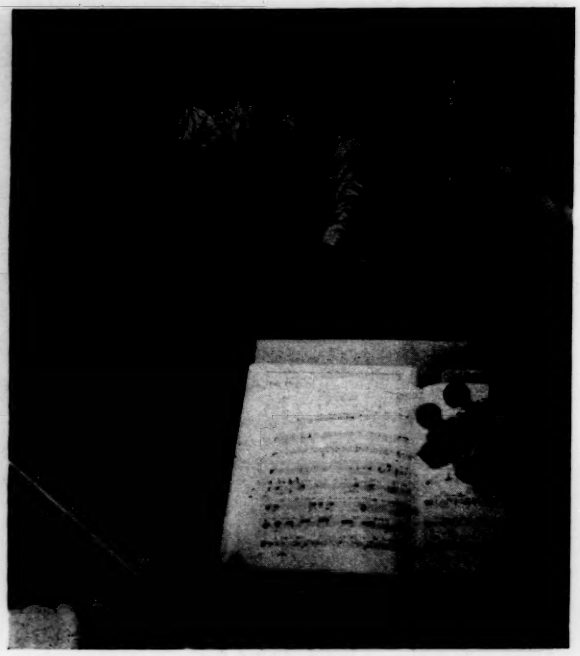
PRESENTING THE NEWEST DANCE CRITIC

Robert Lawrence, pianist, orchestra conductor, dance enthusiast, takes pen in hand to become dance critic for The Herald Tribune



Robert Lawrence takes off his coat to start an orchestra rehearsal of a ballet score. He believes such rehearsals should include at least one, better, two with the whole ballet present and dancing.

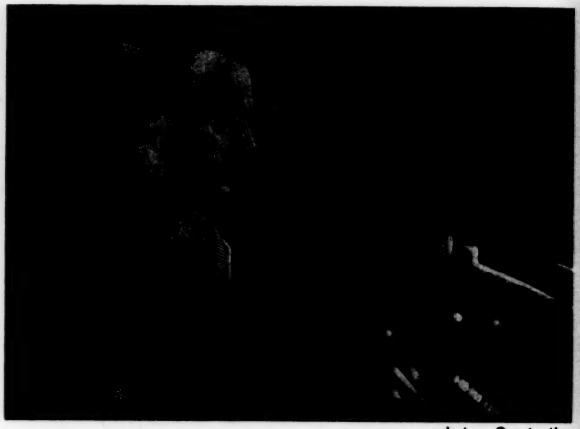


photo: Constantine

At the piano at his New York home Lawrence delights in exploring ballet scores of old masters and budding young American composers.

New York has always been so short of dance critics that the arrival of a new one on the horizon naturally creates great curiosity and enthusiasm.

The new dance critic on The New York Herald Tribune is Robert Lawrence, a New Yorker born and bred. He was slated to be a child prodigy at the piano but managed to escape that fate. At an early age, however, he became interested in orchestral works and then opera. Right now he is conductor with a preference for opera.

If this is not enough, he is a tall, attractive, young man with twinkly brown eyes, fair skin, and a slow, whimsical smile. He has a very pleasant voice, and a frank disarming way of speaking.

For the last few years The Herald Tribune has had a policy of reviewing the ballet both in the music and the dance department. Lawrence did it for the music department; dance critic, Walter Terry, wrote the dance column. But even then, music critic Lawrence found himself attending dance events not scheduled for his official attention.

When Walter Terry joined the armed forces Lawrence was his natural successor although he has made it very emphatic that he is only substituting for Terry and expects to relinquish the job as soon as Uncle Sam sends Terry back.

In the meantime Lawrence is thoroughly enjoying his new department and doing very well by it. He has built it up with a good photograph accompanying every major review, as well as a comprehensive layout of pictures each Sunday, and increased interest by his frank, original and unpretentious remarks on the dance.

He feels no critic should be taken as the final word. Dance criticisms should be read for interest, information and something against which to check your own ideas.

A musical background is never a handicap to a dance critic, according to Mr. Lawrence. Of course, he concedes, it makes him more conscious of a dancer's use of music, but he believes that is one of the aspects of the dance that could stand more consciousness on the part of everybody, and especially the dancer.

In this respect, Lawrence tells an interesting anecdote about Antony Tudor. It seems the dancer was seeking a musical score against which to set his ballet, "Romeo and Juliet". He happened to drop in on Lawrence (a Berlioz enthusiast) one afternoon, so the erstwhile near-prodigy played the score of Berlioz' "Romeo and Juliet" at the piano for the young choreographer. Lawrence was deeply impressed when Tudor at once rejected the Berlioz

(*Continued on Page* 28)

12 MIDNIGHT

The modern Cinderella does not go home at 12 midnight but to tropical night clubs for a merry good morning

by DIANE

photo: Constantine

Left: Cabot and Dresden, smoothies of the Copacabana show, take bow at the finish of their dance. Right: Peter Birch whips his scarlet cape into this pattern doing his knockout Spanish number.

"What is this mad passion for giving our New York steam heated night clubs the atmosphere of the sun baked tropical lands?" we have always wondered. "Why try to make people believe that they have crossed the great divide into the heaven of palm trees, cocoanuts, real honest to goodness sunlight, and warm, balmy breezes? The smoke, the shrieking laughter, and tiny, packed together tables would dispel any illusions of having at last arrived in the tropics.

Then we went to the Hurricane. As we had forlornly predicted there were the palm trees with their big wavy leaves and the cocoanuts, but where was the billowing, blinding smoke and raucous laughter? The postage stamp sized dance floor, we had expected, had turned out to be wonderfully roomy, and the tables permitted some very comfortable leaning. Amazing! Astounding! Wonderful!

Then all of a sudden, we found that the South Sea Island decorations were not the slightest bit annoying but gave one a make-you-want-to-cuddle feeling that was very pleasant. We talked and could hear ourselves talking. We danced and were not beaten half to death by a frustrated dancomaniac. There was room on the floor for those who felt that they must whirl and toss about the dance floor. The music of Vincent Pirro's band was sweet and societyish. Kind of a Broadway Meyer Davis.

Two West Point cadets were having a terrific time doing a stiff backed, conservative jitterbug dance with their sweatered and saddleshoed 'drags'. A couple of soldiers and some business-like looking men with their respective dates were among our other dancing companions. We didn't see any sailors. Could the South Sea motif have had anything to do with it?

A blare of trumpets and a spot light on the dance floor heralded the arrival of "show time" with plenty of gorgeous gals, swell dancers and hilarious comedy, which, after all, are the requirements of a darn good show.

Bob Kennedy, the master of ceremonies, cut his way through a wall of beautifully costumed show girls to sing out introductions for each member of the cast.

When we first met Peter Birch, a star on the Hurricane's very starry program, he was weaing a smart tweed jacket and looking like the typical American youth that everyone talks about. Now, just about fifteen minutes later, he was wearing the zoot suit of a Spanish torero and looking like anyone's picture of a Spanish bullfighter. In his first number of the evening the maneuvering of a magnificent red cape and boot shod feet was as exciting as a bull fight. The black suit, scarlet cape and glaring white spot light made a perfect picture. Mr. Birch's dance, the "Pasa Dobla", is not a simple Spanish dance, but a dance which combines tap, ballet, and the Spanish dance forms. "That's plenty of dance training to pack into his twenty years of living!" we thought.

Over six feet tall and plenty good looking, Peter Birch can reel off a string of his dance teachers that sounds like a listing in the who's who of dancing.

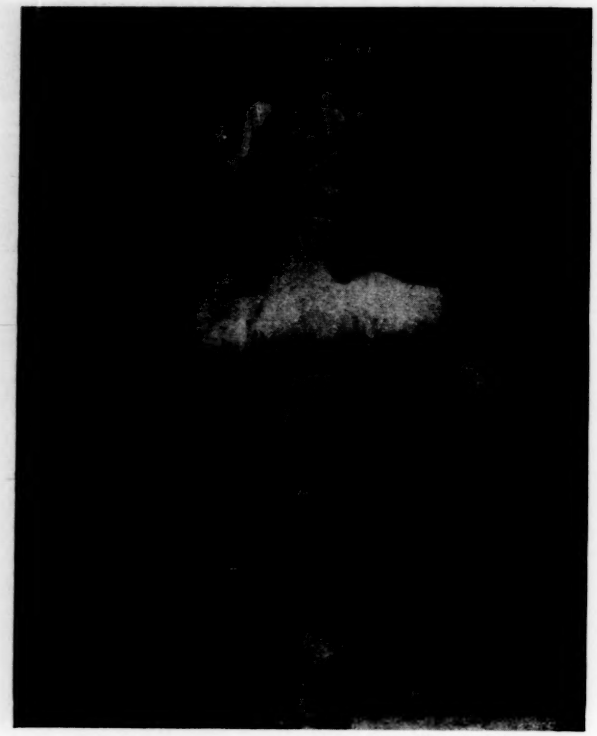
At eight years old he took his first tap dancing lesson. In this phase of his training Herbert Harper was his teacher. At fourteen he started the study of ballet. Here, Fokine enters the picture as one of his instructors. At fifteen he was performing in Fokine's ballet in company with Paul Haakon and Patricia Bowman. Very good dance company, we'll say!

Tap and ballet were not enough for Peter Birch and so he added Spanish dancing to his program. It was now Peter Birch's chance to thank his lucky stars for he had in his own words, "A mother who worked hard finding the best teachers for me, and a father who was always willing to pay the dance lesson bills."

But it takes more than that to make a good dancer, and Peter Birch is a good dancer. Ask Burns Mantle, or the people who saw him at the Carnegie Hall revivals this summer, or the cafe societyites who watched him performed at La Conga early this year. If you are still unconvinced, go see him at the Hurricane.

Up Broadway to sixieth, then right off Fifth Avenue is another cast off bit of the tropics. The rumba rendevous of New York called the Copacabana. We took a taxi to this place, 'cause if we even looked like we had put our feet to use, we would automatically become outcasts in

(*Continued on Page 27*)



SKATING

An interview with Catherine Littlefield, in which she discusses skating and dancing, and their performers and the choreographers

It was behind the scenes the last night of Sonja Henie's show that we pushed, shoved, elbowed, and wiggled our way through the group of youngsters, fans and press, to where Miss Littlefield was saying goodbye, autographing photos and showing everybody a lovely pair of gold earrings she was wearing that Sonja Henie had just given her.

We couldn't figure out how we could get an interview in here, so we just whispered into the gold earringed ear.

"How about tomorrow at four?"

"At my apartment at four," Miss Littlefield whispered back as one of her little ice ballerinas kissed her fondly good bye.

The Littlefield apartment has long been famed for its hospitality, real coffee and home-made tasting ginger bread with butter. (How cruel is war!)

Catherine was looking very chic in an all gray tailored suit and blouse with a lemon color cravat. Her own yellow tresses were fixed primly, but her piquant profile and roguish smile were not the least influenced by the hairdo.

Of course, we started right in on ballet and got in up to our necks before we remembered it was Catherine Littlefield, ice choreographer, we were interviewing, this time.

But we do have to start with ballet to know how it came about that Catherine Littlefield, one of America's prima ballerinas with not only her own company, but her own ballets to her credit, has for the last two years devoted her time almost exclusively to ice shows.

It was an illness that first necessitated a temporary vacation from dancing, but it was really the war taking all the boys of the company, that made Miss Littlefield decide to suspend all operations for the present and start planning ahead for a ballet company for peace times. At this psychological moment she was asked to choreograph the Center Theatre Ice Show.

In Miss Littlefield's own words, "I was really broken hearted about my company. All our fine boys gone to the front. We set out to create an American ballet where young artists could work and learn and dance. We succeeded in proving you could have a democratic American company without intrigue, where everybody, including myself, danced with equal spirit in the corps de ballet, as in a solo role. We are already building this generation at our school into a ballet for the coming peace times.

"My first approach to the skating was, 'Well, what can you do and I'll routine it for you.' We started on this basis. Then I became quite excited and wanted to do the 'Fire Bird' as an ice ballet. That brought forth, chiefly, a lot of wise cracks. 'Fire Bird on Ice', 'A frozen hot number, eh?' etc.

"Our first attempts at varying the movements of the ensemble, ended up with the skaters looking like a football skirmish. Slowly but surely, however, we accomplished the counter point movement without casualties. Our next hurdle was to have the skaters discipline themselves into letting the music control their movements. This, too, we finally accomplished. Our best number in the first ice show was the black and white ballroom number.

"By the second ice show, we already had a company that had accomplished team work controlling their movement to fit the music and a new interest and respect for what dance could do for skating.

"With this start, we tried some balletic ideas and formation and ended up by having a complete ballet on ice. That was the Autumn Leaves number. Its funny, though,

how people try to discourage you introducing new ideas. At first I got the same reaction to my idea on an Autumn Leaves Ballet as I did to the Fire Bird. 'Sounds awful', said one. 'Are the skaters going to be just a lot of dead leaves blowing around? said another. 'What would an autumn leaf do with skates on?' asked another. 'How tall are the trees we fall off?' wisecracked still another.

"Well the result apparently satisfied both the skaters and the dancers. Certainly 'Autumn Leaves' shows you can put a real ballet on ice. There are even some balletic ideas that are more effective on ice. For instance, the wind. No dancer could give the sense of the speed that Skippy Baxter did as the wind.

"When I undertook to choreograph Sonja Henie's arena show, that was something quite different again. I am from the theatre and my whole feeling is a theatre feeling. The arena is an entirely different set up.

"The high point in that was choreographing for Sonja. She sure is a satisfying person to create things for. You know the choreographer can do just so much with arrangement, then the artist has to make the thing come to life. Sonja certainly does that and is a wonderfully receptive person to teach, a very hard worker, never stops until she gets everything just right. Then her dance training when she was a youngster gave her lovely hands and arms and a dancer's use of her shoulders."

In discussing the relation of dancing and skating, Miss Littlefield pointed out that skating has some things dancing doesn't have. For instance, the sustained pose is always beautiful, but in skating it has the added beauty of moving. Skating will always be smoother than dancing by the very nature of the blade on ice. Skating also has a greater possibility for speed. But skating is dangerous. Never forget that. You have to be very careful with close grouping for fear of hitting each other with the sharp blades.

"Dancing, on the other hand," Miss Littlefield points out, "has a well developed theatrical style and tradition that skaters can make use of. For theatrical purposes you must have variety, emotional quality and characterization. The dance can give these to skating.

"Routines should be made on the ice, not on a floor and then transferred to ice. Only when you work right on the ice do you see all the possibilities.

"A choreographer should have people who both skate and dance, to get the desired effects. So often some of the company skate well but do not dance so well, and vice versa. This makes it very difficult.

"Eventually, skaters should produce their own choreographers, but they must be dancers as well as skaters. Its amazing but all the choreographers for skating, are dancers. Gonsaler, Losee, Claude, Fanchon Marco, Chester Hale. Not one skater among them. There must be artists and choreographers among the skating ranks. What have skaters done with their own creative leaders. As Miss Littlefield pointed out, "Skating needs its own choreographers and must develop them and feature them whenever possible.

At this moment Dorothy Littlefield popped in from her skating session. Apparently Dorothy is going in for skating in a big way, and is also having a ballet class for skaters.

She pointed out that skaters should have a complete, systematic ballet training, but a class especially designed for them can save time by emphasizing the aspects skaters need while subordinating some aspects, like the plie, that skaters already have enough of.

I then asked Catherine why so many more dancers were turning skaters, even more than skaters turning dancers.

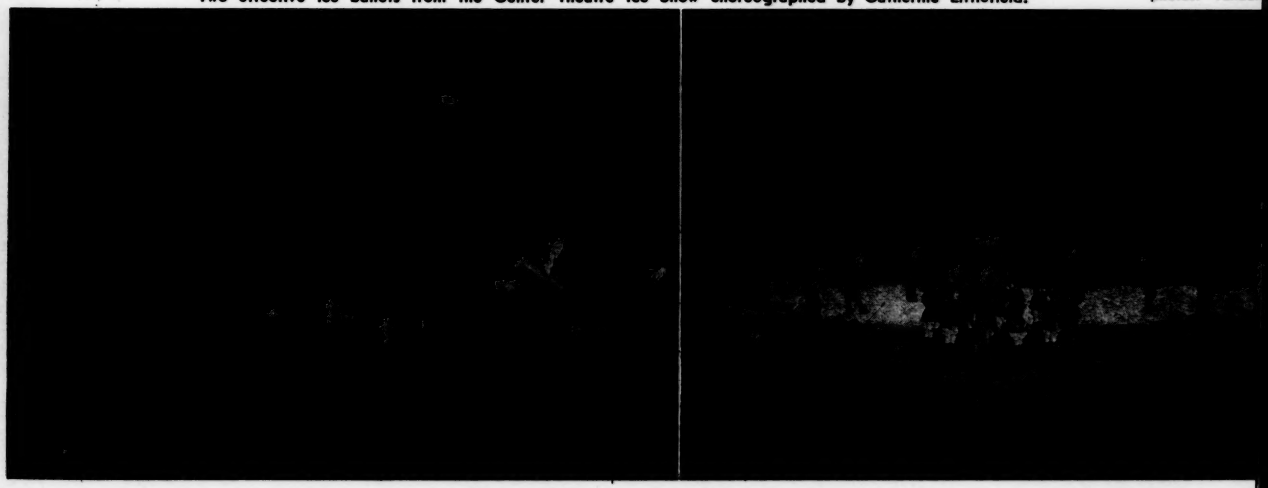
She answered that dancing was overcrowded, while skating needed people, but added, "most skaters, however, are going in for dancing nowadays. They have an entirely different attitude than they used to about dancing. Even the speed skaters see the advantage in ballet training for presence, grace and even increased skill and speed."

Miss Littlefield is now about to work on a new Center Theatre Ice Show. What will she do this time! Skaters and dancers are both all agog to see.

The company is now thoroughly seasoned in the new dance-on-ice idea. No doubt Miss Littlefield will be able to give us more real ballets on ice, as well as using balletic technique and ideas throughout the show.

The union of skating and dancing marches on!

Two effective ice ballets from the Center Theatre Ice Show choreographed by Catherine Littlefield. photos: Vandam



The Movie Mirror

by RUDOLF ORTHWINE

photo: Monogram

Frick and Frack, comedy skaters in Monogram's new release, "Silver Skates", skate on their ear, elbow or any other part of their anatomy that can add a laughable touch to their skating.

★

Left: Simone Simon in a scene from Republic Pictures' new release, 'Tahiti Honey", in which lovely Simone plays the part of an appealing French girl who is trying to get to America. Right: Baronova in the new picture, "Yolanda", receives the unhappy news of the exile of her family, in her dressing room at the Theatre.

photo: Republic Pictures

photo: Promesa

A private showing of "Yolanda" starring Baronova, prima ballerina of the Ballet Theatre, was held at the Modern Museum recently, but no date has been set as yet for general distribution.

Baronova danced superbly. She photographs well, and did a fair job of acting. Dolin appeared in "Swan Lake" as supporting dancer. I think he did not have a sufficient chance to distinguish himself. Carlos was played by Miguel Arenas. I can think of no other actor who could have done more justice to this part. He played it superbly. Yolanda's teacher, who also plays the part of the Ballet Master, is portrayed by Greanin. Greanin was formerly manager of the Joos Ballet. Three cheers for Greanin, he did his part well! Julio was well portrayed by David Silva.

I enjoyed Yolanda immensely, in spite of the fact that the photography was gray in spots, and that the perspectives were not too good at times. But a lot of care was taken by catching the details in the ballet sequences. From this angle it was a better job than that of the Monte Carlo Ballet.

It gave one a real feeling of attending the ballet. The sequences were clearly preserved. For years I advocated the idea of ballet dance shows. It's a full entertainment. It's what the public wants. Congratulations to the producers. Keep up the good work, and keep on perfecting dance films, and keep adding dance plays to your repertoire of ballets.

The cast included, aside from Irina Baronova and Anton Dolin, David Silva, Miguel Arenas and Leon Greanin, Alberto Galan, Lucy Delgado, Fanny Anitua, Jose Morcillo, Hernan Vera, Crox Alvarado, Ricardo Adalid.

"Yolanda", a Manuel Reachi production, was made by Promesa Films. It was co-directed by Dudley Murphy and Roberto Gavaldon. The screen play was by Anne Anthony; dialogue, Justino Fernandez, Elena Amor and Inigo de Martino. The cameraman was Alexis Phillips; the musical director and conductor of Symphonic Orchestra, Mois Zlatin, with background music by Elias Breeskin. Anton Dolin was the dance director.

The Ballet Theatre performed with Baronova in "Aurora's Wedding", "La Fille Mal Gardee", "Swan Lake".

The story of "Yolanda" is as follows:

In January 1909, Carlos Villagran, powerful Mexican aristocrat of the Porfirio Diaz regime, sponsors the importation to Mexico City from Russia of a ballet company and its prima ballerina, Yolanda Petrova.

Filled with admiration and love for Yolanda, after her first performance, Villagran invites her and the company to a fiesta at his hacienda. He tells her that all his life he has searched for someone whose portrait would hang in his living room alongside his mother's. Yolanda, disturbed at Villagran's apparent proposal, walks out into the garden towards an old chapel across the river. There she runs into a bewildering religious pagan festival and is surprised to find on one of the altars a Russian virgin known in Moscow as "Strasnya". Father Paul, trying to converse with Yolanda, realizes that the Russian girl cannot talk Spanish. As he escorts her out, a Mexican cadet, Julio, and Anita, his bethrothed, are coming into the chapel for Father Paul to bless their engagment. Cries of help are heard from the distance as Yolanda falls accidently into the river and is rescued by Julio.

Back at the theater Yolanda cannot concentrate on her rehearsals. She is now interested in learning Spanish, but what she really wants is to return to the scene of her first meeting with Julio. Returning to

(*Continued on Page* 29)

The Theatre Goer

by STAFF

La Meri has already become a glamorous and thoroughly established institution in New York. Her monthly recitals and weekly soirees continue to delight an ever growing audience of discriminating dance enthusiasts.

Presenting the authentic forms of a wide variety of folk and national dance expressions, La Meri succeeds in making these educational programs an entertaining and artistic evening, with beautiful costumes, clever production, and meticulously prepared dancing. The added charm of her personal beauty and gracious personality have won her an enthusiastic personal following.

The value of these frequent programs by La Meri's Ethnologic Dance Center cannot be over estimated in developing in New York dance audiences knowledge and appreciation of authentic dance forms.

The last studio performance was given to The Art of the Castanets. A short, informative lecture by Guido Carreras, illustrated by slides, and told how castanets were made, their history and use. A program of dances followed to show the art of the castanets in relation to the Spanish dance.

No less a celebrity than Mme. Argentinita was guest of honor and danced "Alegrias" accompanied by Jeronimo Villarino. Argentinita and La Meri then did a Sevillavas together.

At the first of the Barbizon Plaza Theatre recitals, February 2, the program of dances included a Hindu Dance Drama, a Hawaiian Dance Legend and a group of separate dances, including the American Indian Hoop Dance, a Cuban Carabali, Argentine Gato, a Spanish Suite, and the Bolero of Ravel.

La Meri was recalled again and again for her delightful dancing of "El Gato".

For dates of La Meri's next concerts see Dance Calendar (back cover).

Gluck's "Orpheus" was given a beautiful presentation by the opera department of the Juilliard School of Music February 24, 25, 26 and 27, under the direction of Albert Stoessel. An architectural basic set done by Frederick Kiesler was changed from earth to Hades and once again into the Elysian Fields by skillful lighting and rearrangement of decorative detail.

Of great interest to DANCE Magazine was the excellent dance contribution of the dance director, Arthur Mahoney, in the dances of the furies and the festival maidens. Of course, the Juilliard School of Music is wise enough to have a first rate dancer like Mahoney on the staff to give their opera students dancing. But having gone that far, why don't they go a step further and develop a group of dancers there to serve as ballet for their operas.

The theatre is one of the best equipped in New York and Mahoney one of our best trained dancers. Juilliard Foundation is losing a rare opportunity to do something for the dance and something equally important for themselves, in not going about their ballet in the same professional way they approach every other aspect of their opera.

The singing of the two leading roles was brilliantly done by Mary Dowson and Louise Giachino. Elizabeth Humphrey sang the difficult role of Amor most creditably. Thalia Mara was exquisite as the Greek dancer.

* * *

"For Your Pleasure", an evening of dancing with a few song numbers interpolated here and there, fell short of a public showpiece.. Let me say, however, in all fairness to Veloz and Yolanda, that they are one of the finest dance teams I have ever seen. Their Tango and Rumba are outstanding. A young tap dancer, somewhat

(*Continued on Page* 29)

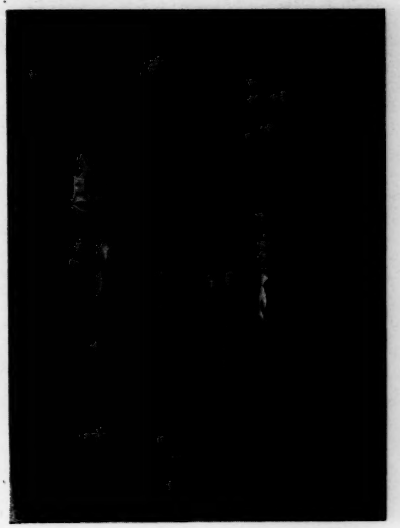


photo: Carreras

La Meri in an authentic Indian Hoop Dance given at her recent Barbizon Plaza concert. One of the few solo dances done by American Indians, and a favorite of the Umatella tribe.

★

Left: Ray Bolger demonstrating as usual, inimitable comedy with technical virtuosity. He is still wowing the crowds that flock to "By Jupiter", the musical that goes on forever.
Right: Veloz and Yolanda as they delighted audiences in their all too brief Broadway appearance in the late "For Your Pleasure".

photo: Constantine

VESTRIS THE GREAT

Prince of Egoists, and First Dancer to the King of France

by ELEANORE FLAIG

In the gallery of great showmen are found comparatively few portraits as highly colored as that of Gaetan Vestris. By great showmen I mean those whose temperamental pyrotechnics have formed their legends, at the same time publicizing their wares. For it would be impossible to divorce Vestris, peer of 18th century dancers, from Vestris the extremist, whose extravagances remain the very backbone of his biography.

One of eight children, all of whom were either dancers, musicians, or both, Gaetan Apolline Balthasar was born at Florence on April 18th, 1729, and soon proved himself another of those prodigies who dominate a family of mediocre talents. His father, Thomas Vestri, worked for a Florentine pawnbroker with whom he eventually got into difficulties. As a result, he fled to Naples with his wife and children, an overture to a career which, for Gaetan especially, was never to be anything but turbulent. Passing through most of the Italian cities, they wandered as far afield as Dresden and Vienna, and finally touched Milan for the last time. Thanks to their barnstorming existence, the children had grown more and more adept in the arts of entertaining, their education suffering in proportion — a handicap which Gaetan, with all his success, could never surmount. It was during this vagabondage that he and his sisters, Thérèse and Violante, obtained their first professional engagement at the Palermo Opera.

Toward the end of 1747 the family went to Paris, and adding an "s" to its name, definitely established a ménage there. Gaetan entered the Royal Academy of Music and Dance as a pupil of Louis Dupré in 1748, making his début the same year, "without compensation." Being at once admitted to the corps de ballet, he climbed steadily, actually replacing his master as premier danseur by 1751. With Dupré out of the picture, he faced but one important rival at the Opéra, Barthelémy Lany, the ballet-master.

Early in his career Gaetan invested himself with an array of titles, such as "Vestris The First", "Vestris The Great", "The Magnificent Vestris", but he was more popularly known as "god of the dance". This epithet formerly enjoyed by Dupré, is said to have been transferred to Vestris by the adoring brother and sister who recognized his superior gifts. At any rate, he did not scruple to adopt it, while derisive contemporaries cultivated his own Florentine pronunciation of it *diou de la danse*. Admirers also styled him, "The Handsome," to distinguish him from his professional brothers.

Vestris is described as about five feet six inches in height, having a superb carriage, "a noble and expressive face" and "well turned leg." A certain tendency toward knock-knees might have proven a blow to him, had he admitted self-imperfection. This defect, however, was only occasionally apparent.

One critic wrote of him: "Vestris' peculiar merit lay in grace, eloquence and delicacy. All his movements had a purity, a finish, of which one can form no idea today, and it is not without reason that his talent is compared to that of Racine."

In her *Souvenirs,* Mme. Vigée-Lebrun said: "Gardel, to me, has always seemed far inferior to Vestris *père,* who was a majestic, decidedly handsome man, and perfect in the serious, noble dance."

Noverre reiterates the same theme. "Vestris is the best, or in fact, the only serious dancer in the theatre. . . He adds to the most noble and effortless execution the rare merit of touching, interesting, and speaking to the emotions."

Always desiring to supplant Lany as ballet-master, Vestris welcomed the opportunity of challenging him to a duel in his sister's behalf. The designing Thérèse had become Lany's mistress with a view to realizing a promotion, which he failed to confer. Lany declined the challenge; but a few days later Vestris was expelled from the Opéra and confined in the prison of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois. As an upshot to the affair, Thérèse and a younger brother, Angiolo, gave their six months notice to the opera-directors.

In prison Vestris lived like a prince, occupying a handsome apartment where he gave sumptuous dinners for his friends. Together with his freedom came an offer of a season's engagement in Berlin. So in December, 1754, Gaetan,

Vestris and partner in an eighteenth century ballet.
Courtesy Dance Archives

Thérèse and Angiolo left Paris. From Berlin Gaetan went to Turin, where he made his first attempt at ballet composition, a field in which he appeared to be totally ungifted, though he himself did not suspect it. A year later the prodigals were back in Paris, soliciting readmittance to the Opéra. Once again circumstance was kind, for Petrot, the only first rate male dancers, had accepted an engagement in Saxony. Hard pressed as they were, the directors reluctantly re-engaged Gaetan and the others. On Dec. 9th, 1755 the three Vestris staged a come-back in Quinault and Lully's opera, "Roland."

Gaetan's conquests among the Opéra's corps de ballet finally settled into a *liaison* that promised permanency. The *adorata,* Marie Allard, was only fifteen at the time (1757), a charming girl from Lyon who was soon to attain the rank of première danseuse. The combined talents of father and mother were embodied in their son, Auguste, professionally known as Vestr-Allard, born March 27th, 1760. And it was in this same memorable year that Gaetan made his first Stuttgart pilgrimage in order to acquaint himself with the principles of a dance-reformer called Noverre, whose recent book, *Lettres sur la dance et sur les ballets,* had stirred his curiosity.

In Vestris the Royal Academy found a problem child, indeed. It seemed equally impossible to get along with or without him. Nominated director of the school of dance in 1761, he declined to trouble himself about such details as teaching, and consequently had no pupils to present at the quarterly examinations held before the directors. But for the influence of his friend, the Duke de la Vrillière, minister of the King's household, he would have been immediately dismissed from the office. Not only was he malcontent and arbitrary, he was perhaps the most conceited personality of his day. A Nietzschean egoism, coupled with his mastery as dancer, made him a target for both adulation and raillery. It is related that a stout woman accidentally stepped on his foot one day as he was coming from rehearsal. With profound apologies, she expressed the hope that she hadn't hurt him. "Hurt me, Madame?" he answered, drawing himself up. *"Me*—? You have merely plunged Paris into mourning for a fortnight!" This was the same Gaetan who, after an artistic triumph, offered his leg to be kissed by a pupil!

It was inevitable that such flourishes should pass into public domain. Contemporary artists, poets and writers barbed their quills with caustic ink. The satires of Berchoux and others vied with art of the same sort. Yet even those to whom he was "old iron-legs" could not deny Vestris' genius. Unrivalled in the execution of spectacular leaps and that new ballet ornament, the pirouette, he was further noted for a grace so incomparable that his least movement held spectators enthralled. Characteristically, he exacted from his followers a respect bordering upon reverence; and if any *Balletomane* so far forgot himself as to applaud while "the god" was in action, the audience united in quashing his ill-timed exhibition.

A fresh disagreement with the Opéra administration prompted Vestris to accept a foreign offer in 1767, when he appeared in Vienna in "Medea and Jason," a dramatic ballet usually credited to Noverre, but claimed by some to have been the composite work of Noverre, Gardel and Vestris. December 14th of the same year marked his Warsaw début in "Dardanus," which was greeted by frantic acclamations of press and public. Vestris' association with Jean Georges Noverre and his colleagues was proving significant, to say the least. At Stuttgart, sponsored by the art-minded Duke of Würtemberg, who placed a dancing-personnel of one hundred and twenty at his disposal, Noverre had begun his experiments. Among other celebrities who came to appear in his productions were Vestris, Gardel, d'Auberval, and the danseuse Heinel of Bayreuth, each of whom was instrumental in the development of ballet as we know it now. Here was effected an entire transformation of the choreographic pageant, and the founding of a school that was to influence European ballet in that and subsequent generations.

Vestris professed enthusiasm over Noverre's ideas, while his powers as dancer and mime served admirably to translate them within certain limits. Again and again he returned to dance at Stuttgart during his vacations, sometimes forgetting when his leave of absence expired. In fact, the trips to Stuttgart, London, and other cities became so prolonged that in 1767 his name was struck from the Opéra staff — an affront paid for in terms of immediate reinstatement. Still, Vestris did not return to Paris until 1770, at which time he championed Noverre's principles as set forth in "Medea," incidentally throwing the bombshell that shattered all dance tenets by miming the rôle of Jason unmasked. The expressive possibilities of maskless dancers, especially dancers of Vestris' mimetic powers, delighted the public. Two years later Gardel essayed the same thing in "Castor and Pollux." By 1773 the mask was permanently abolished, both in French ballet and opera-ballet.

At last Gaetan realized his long ambition, for hardly had he returned until Lany retired from the Opéra, and he was offered the post of ballet-master-composer. Unfortunately, he proved no more satisfactory in that capacity than he had as a teacher. He was essentially the performer; yet despite his lack of creative ability, he refused to collaborate with assistants, consequently producing very little. His entire independent output is represented by two indifferent works: "The Bird's Nest" and "Endymion." It seems probable that Gardel and d'Auberval were forced to meet the demands for new ballets.

The extent of Vestris' artistic debt to Noverre remains vague. Working with him as he did, he must have absorbed certain values. But though he, himself, contributed to the ballet's technical parlance and envigored male dancing by introducing a new breadth of movement, one must not expect from him that unerring taste, that depth of observation revealed in the writings of Noverre. He never became a student nor explorer in the field of arts, still less a follower of Noverre's chief inspiration, Nature. Costume reform, abolition of masks, a closer approach toward beauty, he could appreciate. But not those character-strokes, the trend toward logic and aesthetic fitness. Noverre's thought flowed in universal channels, Vestris' in classical. Steeped to the ears in courtly academism, he was first and always the *élégant* embodiment of the polite dance; nor would the Vestrian vanity permit him to appear otherwise than handsome. He abhorred whatsoever infringed upon the province of *la danse noble,* whereas Noverre, while using a classical framework, never hesitated to discard any convention contrary to nature and common sense.

These differences lay, not wholly in the viewpoints of creator and exponent, but rather in the fact that Vestris had none of the literary, musical and generally cultural background enjoyed by such men as Noverre, Blasis and Vigano. As one biographer said: "He was ignorant of all save the art in which he was supreme," and the knowledge here implied may be summarized as technical virtuosity complemented by inborn grace and eloquence. His blithe disregard for aesthetic issues is patent in his dissentions with Gluck.

When "Iphigenia in Auris" was being scored in 1774, Vestris asked the composer to write a chaconne for his son, Auguste, who was to dance in the opera. Gluck refused point-blank.

"The Greeks knew nothing about the chaconne," he explained.

"You don't tell me," replied Vestris. "In that case, I'm sorry for them. Nevertheless, you must write a chaconne for my son, because I am *le diou de la danse.*"

"Then go dance in heaven, and not in my opera!" Gluck retorted . But he ended by writing the chaconne.

It was not until five years later when "Iphigenia in Auris" was in rehearsal, that he put a definite period to Gaetan's tyranny. Airs for the ballets of savages in this work had been characterized and outlined to him by none other than Noverre himself. However, on hearing the music for his own variation, the Vestris went to bed with a fever. As he complained to his friend, Méhul, who was shocked to find him in such a state, the rioting of cymbals and shrieking of violins had been enough to split one's head. Besidés, he felt himself disgraced, he said, because that very morning at rehearsal Gluck had interrupted him in the middle of his "superb variation" to demand if savages danced like that!

"He wants me to dance like a savage," Vestris lamented. "Me! . . . the first dancer in the world!" Protesting the point, he had asked "the brute of a German" to write him "a pretty air." With native bluntness, Gluck told him he knew nothing about music, and that he could very well do without him unless he were willing to dance the air in question.

Determined to convince him that people were not disrespectiful toward "a dancer of my merit, whose equal is not to be found on earth, "Vesthis burst into the composer's home next day, still arguing the impossibility of dancing his barbaric music. For reply the sturdy German began to sing the March of the Scythians from Act I, and, seizing Vestris, forcibly demonstrated the type of choreography he wanted until, from sheer exhaustion, Gaetan promised to dance his ballet "exceptionally well."

The revolt of the Opéra was also staged in 1779, at which time Vestris assumed a heroic rôle, calling himself the George Washington of the uprising (Lafayette had recently returned from America). Here too, was an excellent opportunity for the younger

(*Continued on page* 28)

Dancer's Book Shelf

A TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S FINEST FOLK SONG, by Leonard Deutsch — Published by Howell, Soskin, Price $5.00.

This is one of the most beautiful and valuable books that have come to our desk. It represents a life's work in collecting folk songs and dances of all countries, and has that rare and artistic quality that only a work of love can have.

At the present time, when dance art is rebuilding itself on folk bases, this book presents a gold mine of ideas and choreographic suggestion for the dancer, teacher and director.

For the regular school program, this book offers countless hours of joyous education. Children will adore to dance out the ideas of these songs as they sing them. Nothing gives them a keener, clearer interest in a nation that its folk art.

There are over a hundred folk songs in full piano score and with words. Two thirds of these are also folk dances. There are thirty-four countries represented. The headings are as follows: Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, German, Flemish, English, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, French, Italian, Spanish, Catalan, Basque, Finnish, Lettish, Lithuanian, Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, Wendish, Yiddsh, Bohemian, Moravian, Slovakian, Hungarian, Bosnian, Serbian, Montenegrin, Bulgarian, Macedonian, Rumanian, Greek and American.

A delightful essay on the country's customs and backgrounds accompanies each section of songs and dances.

We feel the book should not only be in every school library and on every dancer's book shelf, but on the piano of every happy home.

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RECORDINGS OF LATIN AMERICAN SONGS AND DANCES, by Gustavo Duran — Published by Music Division, Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C., Price 30c.

A very valuable sixty-five page pamphlet which not only gives lists of recorded South American music, but also gives detailed analysis of the various dance rhythms. Each country is taken up separately. A paragraph, or so, is given to a general discussion of the music of that country. Take Cuba, for example. The preface notes that Cuban music is the product of Negro influence on Spanish folk music. Follows a musical analysis of the Bolero, Son, Conga, Guajira, Guarocha, Habanera, Danzón, Pregón, Rumba, Son, Son Afro-Cubano.

The following colorful note on the Conga gives an idea what interesting reading this book offers to the dancer.

"In Cuba, as in almost all Latin American countries, Carnival festivities are popular. In Havana, during the Carnival days, the so-called "comparsa" (parades) dance their way along the streets, competing with the other "comparsa" groups for prizes given for the best costumes and dancing. These groups are dressed in gay costumes and each of them has its drums, brass band, clowns and bells. At the head of each group is carried a huge inverted chandelier of lighted lamps. The rhythm to which "comparsa" paraders most frequently dance is the CONGA, which has recently become popular in the ballrooms of the United States.

Following the discussion of each dance is a list of recordings and their numbers, e.g. Alegre Conga, Conjunto Matamoros V82084.

This is a book no dancer can afford to be without in this era of South American music and dance.

• • •

HOW TO DANCE, by Anita Peters Wright and Dexter Wright, Illustrations, by Betty Randolph Bean — Published by The New Home Library, New York City, Price 69c.

Well, well, at last a book on social dancing by people who know and will tell all! "How to Dance" is all dressed up with diagrams and line drawings, and takes you from soup to nuts in ballroom dancing, all for 69c.

The table of contents would take the rest of the page to print. Suffice it to say, there isn't a thing left out, even the new Samba. Etiquette connected with the dance, and even ballroom dances for children can be found within these clear, meaty, 220 pages.

We are surprised to find this excellent book teaching tango as 4/4 meter. The Argentine tango is 2/4. The Peruvian Tanguino is the only tango in 4/4 meter that we know. The Samba, too, is originally 2/4 rhythm, but that is played 4/4 here by some orchestras.

• • •

Another beautiful and valuable number of DANCE-INDEX! The December issue features an article on "American Music Prints of the Romantic Ballet" by George Chaffee. It is illustrated from his private collection of these prints found on covers of music printed as far back as the French Revolution.

The illustrations are lovely as well as very informative, and the article interesting as well as scholarly. The December issue proves itself another valuable addition to the dancer's collection.

• • •

Margaret Lloyd makes a good point in her recent column in the Christian Science Monitor.

"War has concentrated concert dance into the studio, but it has not thereby limited its influence. What with taxes and transportation trouble, the increased demands that war is making upon us all, touring is practicable only for the most hardy or economically undisturbed. What with deletions by draft or enlistment, the shadow of uncertainty hangs over every company. The need of speaking through dance, the need of hearing (or seeing) what dance has to say, has not diminished, however. Rather is it, as a source of solace and inspiration, enlarged. All the brighter shine these wayside temples of art because the need of them is great. That they shine under difficulties only expands their radius of light."

Tira Rani as she danced a Tahitian number in the prologue to the "The Tuttles of Tahiti. Miss Rani has just completed the manuscript of a new book, "The Leopard Goddess". This will certainly make a colorful and exciting moving picture. It's even more unusual than her last book, "Rajah's Daughter, Barita", which was made into one of the most successful movies of a few seasons ago.

LES FLEURS DU BON (The Flowers of Good), by E. J. Lumas

For dancers who use poetry as accompaniment or inspiration, this book of verse will be valuable. In the author's words about these poems, "I purposely give the French title 'Les Fleurs du Bon,' so as to set it in contra-position to that masterly work, yet morbid and deleterious, of the unfortunate Baudelaire, 'Les Fleurs du Mal;' and I hope that they prove a good beginning of reaction against the incessant outpour of the presses in recent decades of all sorts of mental distortions tending to cultivate and increase worship to the ugly, morbid, criminal, unnatural, vulgar, obscene, and satanic, in short anything tending to de-humanize and deprave man, turning him into a mechanical robot and a most hideous monster."

RADIO FROM IRELAND

(*Continued from Page* 7)

ference in dancing came about.

Great Britain is small geographically and all the large cities are within 24 hours of London, and London is the educational and cultural centre in the sense that no American city is. In the U. S. there are several dance centres spread from New York to California that do not agree on tempo, type, or rhythm. Besides, if Californians want to dance, they can't be bothered with whether or not dancers three thousand miles away agree with their interpretation. Another thing responsible for much of the difference in dancing is temperament.

The average Britisher having a desire to dance goes to a teacher and takes a course of lessons before he'd think of setting foot on

(*Continued on Page* 32)

How RATIONING Affects Your Dance Shoe Wardrobe

We have been receiving inquiries daily from Capezio patrons all over the country on just how the OPA Shoe Rationing Regulation (three pairs of shoes a year) affects the purchasing of dance shoes. Here are the facts:

★ **Only Tap Shoes of all styles are rationed. Ration Stamps must be submitted with all orders for tap shoes.**

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★ **Plan your dance shoe wardrobe. Work out your recital requirements carefully. Get only what you need, and order well in advance to assure delivery.**

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STILL DANCING

(*Continued from Page* 14)

By this time the partnership looked as though it was really going to last, so they thought as long as they were going to work together, they might as well be married.

Success followed success. Mr. Johnson was the first dancer to wear a full dress suit at Koster and Bails in 1896. Koster and Bails is no more today, but in the days of the Gay Nineties, it was one of the most renown show places in New York. As most of the acts were imported from Europe, it was an unusual privilege for Johnson and Dean, an American act, to play there.

He introduced different colors in full dress — lavender, pink, pearl gray, and old rose. On August 30, 1897, the team opened at Tony Pastor's Fourteenth Street Theatre in New York, as the first colored act to headline a big-time vaudeville bill there.

They played 150 consecutive nights at Koster and Bails, 3 months each summer for 3 years at Hammerstein's, 6 weeks at the old Madison Square Roof Garden in New York, and many years as a feature act on the Keith-Proctor and Orpheum circuits.

So successful were they on Broadway that in 1901, Europe beckoned. A few of their European appearances include: the Palace Theatre, London; Central Theatre, Dresden; Alhambra Theatre, Paris; the Krystal Palast, Leipsig; the Wintergarden in Berlin; and the Os-Budavara in Budapest.

Budapest is one of their most pleasant memories. When Johnson and Dean arrived at Budapest on August 1, 1904, to play the Os-Budavara, they were greeted by thousands of people and a Hungarian brass band. Fifteen carriages draped with American and Hungarian flags were there. On their farewell night, it was announced that Mr. Johnson would make a speech in the Hungarian language, which, incidently, is one of the most difficult languages to learn. That night the house was sold out, and people were turned away, so well did the Hungarian people respond to hearing an American give a speech in their own native tongue. Mr. Johnson gave his speech, and Miss Dean sang a Hungarian song.

They were real dancing leaders in that gay era of the Nineties, with their soft shoe, acrobatic, song and dance, high wing dance, and back somersaults. Mr. Johnson appeared in top hat, tails, cane, kid gloves, and monocle. Miss Dean did high kicking and walking splits. Dressed in long evening gowns, she was internationally known as "The One-Girl Style Show". During the coronation of the late King Edward VII, 1902, she wore a hand-painted purple gown costing $300. Purple was the King's favorite color. Seven other of Miss Jean's Gay Nineties gowns were valued at $1,500.

It was no wonder that the New York Telegraph said on August 8, 1901, "Johnson and Dean are the best dressed couple in vaudeville." The Boston Globe of October 22, 1902, said, "Miss Dean introduced a Parisian gown that must have bankrupted a thousand dollar bill."

But, in 1914, right in the midst of their success, they separated, because Miss Dean wanted to retire from show business, and Mr. Johnson didn't. So Mr. Johnson formed an act of his own, composed of four other boys and himself, while Miss Dean opened up a millinery shop in New York. Then came the World War, Miss Dean's business began falling off, and show business began "coming back into her blood", and so, she, too, formed an act, similar to her husband's except that she used both boys and girls. When Mr. Johnson added four girls to his act, they truly became rival producers.

Later Mr. Johnson dropped his show and teamed with his brother. They were known as the Johnson Brothers. Meanwhile, Miss Dean also gave up her act, and in 1926, she acted as personal maid to Queen Marie of Rumania when she blitzed through the United States. Queen Marie presented Miss Dean with a brooch, studded with rubies and diamonds, and Miss Dean is very proud of the autographed picture of Queen Marie which now hangs in the Johnson living room.

In 1934, Charles and Dora were reunited again after a twenty-year separation, and their successes took up right where they left off. Ed Sullivan in the New York Daily News of March 4, 1936 wrote, "Johnson and Dean at Connie's Inn, N. Y., appeal to youngsters as well as oldsters. Their applause is tremendous." Ralph Matthews on March 6, 1936 said, "This quaint team of artists, who link together yesterday and today in show business are putting the youngsters in the shade when they step out on the polished floor of Connie's Inn and do the same routine that made them famous nearly a half century ago."

They played for a dawn party at the Waldorf Astoria January 8, 1937; for a birthday party at the Hotel Pierre February 14, 1937; a Gay Nineties ball at the Concourse Plaza Hotel February 27, 1937; the Hotel Commodore April 24, 1937; and the Metropolitan Opera House April 25, 1937.

They were the first act of its kind to be featured at Carnegie Hall on November 27, 1937, where they introduced popular songs, did their old-fashioned Cake Walk, and climaxed with the new Truckin', Suzie Q, and Boogie Woogie. They were guest stars at Billy Rose's Casa Manana April 25, 1938, and at the Rainbow Room, Radio City December 30, 1938.

When they appeared at the Orpheum Theatre, December 9, 1940, the theatre manager, George Sachett, said of them, "Wardrobe is, as always spotless and their appearance, excellent. In fact, the passing of the years seems to have in no way slowed them down. The audience received them with much enthusiasm, perhaps, in part, because we still have a remanant of the old Orpheum public who remembered these grand old timers from the days of the Gay Nineties."

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have more or less settled down in their home town, Minneapolis, in recent years. This does not mean that they have given up dancing. Far from that! They are dancing as much as ever, but they can't leave town for more than 5 or 6 months at a time, for they have to come back to take care of their home and property.

They keep fit by practicing every day and going through certain exercises religiously. They both love to dance and say that's what keeps them young. Mrs. Johnson sometimes is lonely without her friends in New York, but she has made other friends in Minneapolis. Besides, she has her garden. She loves beautiful flowers and spends much of her spare time in her lovely garden.

"I like to see a good moving picture once in a while," Mrs. Johnson smiles. "And then, I like to do embroidery, Oh, I find lots of things to keep me happy and busy!"

Mr. Johnson likes to spend his spare time in the public library, studying scientific literature.

Dora says she can't believe she's really 70 years old. "I don't feel half that age," she says. And she doesn't look it either.

"Audiences have always been and still are so kind to us. It's still a thrill to work for them," she continues.

Mr. Johnson says that they have had many compliments paid them, but the one that means the most to him is in a letter sent them by Neil Messic, manager of the Nicollet Hotel in Minneapolis, in which he says: "I think you are one of the most interesting teams in the business today. You are not only outstanding in your activities as dancers, but certainly have been an outstanding credit to your race."

NEWS and CUES

(*Continued from Page* 3)

a two weeks vacation from his studio.

ROSARIO, of ROSARIO and ANTONIO, stars in the show, Sons O' Fun, was ill a few weeks ago. STELLA CLAUSEN, ex-soloist of the Fokine Ballet stepped into Rosario's place to do a plenty nifty job.

MIRIAM WINSLOW is leaving for South America. That is, after a recital which she is giving on March 10th at the New York Times Hall.

AGNES DE MILLE took time out from her "Rodeo" to choreograph "How Green the Lilacs Grow".

At the Wedgwood Room, zanie GRACIE HARTMAN steps into the spotlight and asks JIMMY WALKER at the ringside if he wouldn't like to learn her new dance, the Vonga. He grins acquiescence and she says: "Okay, but you'll have to pick twenty-two partners!"

A typical modern release reads: "The new and glamorous FRANCES FAYE, with her freshly stream*lined* chassis, her scream*lined* jive and her dream*lined* torch songs, was feted as guest of honor at Leon & Eddie's weekly celebrity party on Sunday night, February 7th." No doubt the audience bee*lined* to Miss Faye.

Did you see dancer DAVID FITZGIBBONS who toured Europe before the war, standing to see ETHEL MERMAN'S new success, before he resumed army life? MABEL MIX was next to him. Was that premeditated?

"CAROLA", the roller skater, appeared in Schenectady and Trenton . . . DULCE BRAMLEY MOORE, once soloist with MARIAN MORGAN'S smashing dance act in England, is now in Bermuda, where she dances in war benefits.

The SENIA SOLOMONOFFS are now divorced. Now he says he's lonely . . .

12 MIDNIGHT

(*Continued from Page* 17)

the society of the Copacabana.

Stepping grandly out of the taxi, not a little afraid of falling on our faces, we glided into the bright, white shiny entrance hall of the Copacabana. We clamered down about ten steps and were immediately grabbed by the hat check girls. We escaped at last and pushed along with the crowd heading for the reservation desk.

We were shown to a table along the wall which was a perfect observation point. From it we could see up to the tables on the balcony, and down to the tables on the level below us. The club, as you may have gathered, has a three decker arrangement with the dance floor on the lowest level.

No one could overlook the tremendous frosty palm trees scattered around the room. But one might easily overlook the dance floor which was wedged in between the jungle of tables. As small as it was however, the dancers seemed to be oblivious of the heavy traffic, and were completely happy in whatever space there was for the hip-wiggling rumba and samba variations played by Frank Marti's Samba band.

The Copacabana seems to attract celebrities. We heard that Myrna Loy was there that night, and we're quite sure that we spotted one of the Ritz brothers a few tables away.

The crowd was an expensive one. As a matter of fact, the man at the table next to us kept cashing hundred dollar bills and giving the change to his 'cutie-pie', which he called her to her obvious annoyance. While we were knawing on a club sandwich they were swillin' and spillin' champagne like the proverbial water.

We don't know how the show started but we became aware of a pleasant feminine voice which was slowly stilling the buzzing audience. It wasn't long before the Copacabana Girls, six beautiful femmes, glided onto the floor to do some very fancy walking around and a little bit of dancing in the kind of costumes that made one ignore the walking and dancing. The hats they wore were fascinatingly silly, the kind of thing most gals wish they had the nerve to wear. Big flower gardens and little birds all wrapped up in yards of the most luscious veiling were two of the most exciting.

Hie Thompson, a sophisticated and smooth tap dancer, was the next on the program. To the tune of a Strauss waltz, he danced swiftly around the room. He was the kind of a dancer who made dancing seem simple, that is, until you try to imitate him. Personally, we like his ease and grace better than the horribly energetic labor some dancers make of tap.

Cabot and Dresden, the ballroom team, had something to work up to, since many in the audience expected the de Marcos, but they managed very well judging by the applause.

All of a sudden a mass of white fox fur strode down the floor and the crowd went mad. It sounded like the crowd at Madison Square Garden on fight night. It was Sophie Tucker. She may be the last of the Red Hot Mommas but she's got more pep than any of the red hot cuties of today

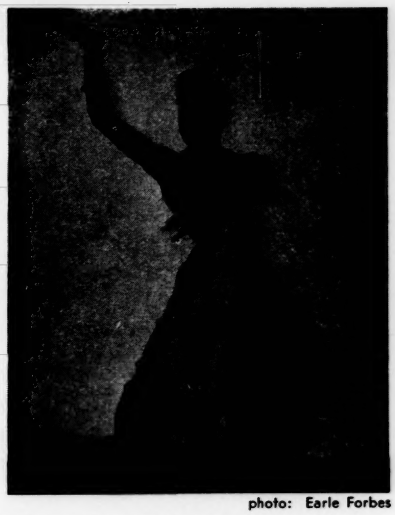

photo: Earle Forbes

Chandra-Kaly, in his high pressure jazz oriental dances, thrills the most sophisticated.

that we have seen. The old folks cluck over the good old days, but everyone roared with laughter at Sophie's rawther risque songs. When Sophie made her plea to the government not to 'ration passion', the roof nearly caved in, and we missed the next three lines of the song. In the words of 'cutie-pie's' escort at the table next to us, "That gal, so help me, is worth crawling to see." And we say, "You're darn tootin', Mr."

There's one more palm treed night club in New York that we don't want to leave out. These particular palm trees are covered with lovely quilted pink satin. It may not be realistic, but its durn purty. In fact, when you walk into the Riobamba on East 57th Street, it's like walking into one of the romantic scenes in Disney's "Fantasia". The ceiling is star studded blue, and with the lavish use of mirrors along the walls, there are the most adorable little cupids. The soft lights coming from goodness knows where, are lovely. But aside from the nice scenery, good food, and Nat Brandwynne's music, the Riobamba offers the Chandra-Kaly dancers, Mitzi Green and Henry Youngman.

Mr. Youngman plays or rather saws on a fiddle while talking about such things as his new tuxedo which he claims was made out of discarded cuffs. He's the kind of comedian who can make fun of the audience and make them love it.

Mitzi Green, wearing a black dress and her long blond hair a la Veronica Lake was very charming looking and a swell entertainer. After she had sung a few of the current hit tunes, she did a few of the imitations which have made her famous. To the classical strains of "Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar" she gave her version of the way in which such femmes as La Garbo, Katherine Hepburn and Fanny Brice would sing the same song. Without changing make-up one single bit, Mitzi Green actually makes you believe that you are looking at the star she is imitating. Mitzi, by the way, lent her talents to Long Island a few weeks ago at a War Bond Rally and did more than a bit in rolling up a sale of $75,000 worth of bonds.

Amidst a chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahs" the Chandra-Kaly dancers came out on the floor. The chorus was undoubtedly in appreciation of the luxurious, exquisitely colored costumes. The "Ohs" and "Ahs" after their dances were in appreciation of dancing as vivid as the costumes. Chandra-Kaly and his three girl dancers bring the mysterious story-dances of India to the not so mysterious dance floor of a New York nitery and find that it doesn't take a Carnegie Hall audience to appreciate them. Chandra-Kaly can do the most amazing and interesting things with his hands, feet and face that we have ever seen. While they danced, there wasn't a sound in the room. The clinking of their wrist and ankle bracelets mingled fascinatingly with the music. When they stopped dancing, the applause was loud and long, demanding more and more encores.

We want to thank the managements of these three clubs for some wonderful entertainment and a bit of education. Now we know the reason for the palm tree madness. What else can you do with the tall pillars necessary to keep the roof from collapsing. There's no such thing as an interesting barber-shop pole, or is there?

MORE NEWS

(*Continued from Page* 26)

SHAN KAR has a baby son. MASSINE'S little girl is now about a year and a half old.

MARGARET SEVERN gave a recital of masque dances at the Barbizon Plaza Theatre in which she used thirty-one of her own masques. The variety of the masques was amazing, everything from an angelic ballerina to a bedeviling ghoul. Miss Severn's irrepressible energy, her beautiful length of limb and expressive use of arms and torso make her an exceptional masque dancer. Her abandon of movement in the masks is extraordinary, including double pirouettes on toe and such, which most dancers find hard enough to do without being blindfolded. Her audience was duly appreciative and vastly entertained.

TODD BODLANDER, JANE SHEA, JANET REED and GISELLE CACCIALANGA are rehearsing a dance program for spring bookings.

GLORIA MORGAN, SYLVIA ORVUT and ALEX GERBER are touring for the U.S.O.

LENA DUSE, the beautiful faced ballerina of the Metropolitan corps de ballet, is to be congratulated on her pep and ambition in arranging a recital for herself at Carnegie Chambers recently, and packing the house. After all, a member of the corps de ballet never becomes a prima ballerina by just sticking around in the ensemble. She has to develop herself into a soloist by giving solo recitals. More young dancers should follow Miss Duse's example.

MIRIAM MARMEIN, American mime and dancer, will make her first appearance in several seasons at the Barbizon Plaza Concert Hall N. Y. C. on Tuesday evening, March 9th at 8:30.

(*Continued on Page* 30)

VESTRIS

(*Continued from Page* 23)

Vestris to vent his spleen on de Vismes, the director. Asked if he realized to whom he was speaking, Auguste made his famous retort: "Certainly, monsieur, — to the farmer of my talent." De Vismes retaliated with a prison sentence for insubordination.

Bidding Auguste a melodramatic farewell before a greenroom full of artists, Gaetan said: "Go, my son! This is the most glorious moment of your career! Take my carriage, and demand the apartment of my friend, the King of Poland. I will meet every expense!" Despite the constant *imbroglio* involving the "dancing dynasty" and overlords of the Opéra, Gaetan could yet deplore this misunderstanding as the first that had ever arisen "between the House of Bourbon and the House of Vestris."

Due to the sympathy born of a mutual cause, the revolt succeeded in healing a long-standing enmity between Gaetan and Anne Heinel, the Bayreuth danseuse, now a fixed star in the firmament of the Opéra. In fact, Vestris realized that he had for some time been attracted by this amply-proportioned Venus; and, in 1782 the pair embarked upon a new life together.

Vestris had undoubtedly found it a relief to surrender Noverre his office as ballet-master-composer in 1776; for by so doing he had not only realized a pension, but was able to devote himself exclusively to solo dancing. Whether his official retirement occurred in 1781, or at the time of Heinel's, in 1782, is a point disputed by historians. In any case, he received a second pension in '81, while the following year His Majesty Louis XVI presented him with yet another of 4,700 *livres* as first dancer of the Court Ballets. This totalled a yearly income of 9,200 *livres*.

Exactly ten years after his *liaison* with Heinel, he married her (June 16th, 1792) to legitimize the birth of Apollon Marie Angiolo, who had arrived in May of the previous year. Yet the theatre was always to be his great love; he returned to it again and again. His first appearance following his retirement was in Grétry's "Panurge in the Isle of Lanterns," (Jan. 25th, 1785). During the Revolution pensions were either curtailed or discontinued. Consequently, he and Heinel suffered great privation, even though Auguste supposedly helped them, being then in his heyday as ballet-master at The King's Theatre, London. So at the age of sixty-eight Gaetan was forced to fill a brief engagement at the Opéra, dancing the menuet in "Ninette at Court." These reappearances continued until March 1st, 1800 when, in his seventy-first year he made a farewell appearance in Gardel's sensational ballet, "Dancing-Mania," with music by his old friend, Méhul. This served simultaneously to introduce his grandson, Auguste-Armande, to the public.

Vestris retained his grace and agility to an amazing age; when he could no longer dance, he turned choreographer, still believing himself a creative genius, for the years never succeeded in weakening his self-confidence. When, as an old man he was told that Auguste gave promise of surpassing his sire, he replied: "Ah, but then he had Gaetan Vestris for his father, an advantage which nature did not confer upon me." Here could be no jealousy, for in Auguste he lived again. Bequeathing him his own title, *dieu de la danse*, he was henceforth content to sit back and enjoy authorship as his "inspired creator." Certainly it was the delight of his latter days to watch this son who, as one writer put it, "sprung to heaven in so prodigious a manner that one believed him possessed of wings." Had not Gaetan himself declared, "If Auguste occasionally descends to touch earth, it is merely out of consideration for his less talented colleagues."

On Sept. 23rd 1808, with fifty-two years professional activity to his credit, Vestris, god of the dance, departed from one of the most brilliant eras in history. Yet he maintained as always, that his century had produced but three great men, one of whom Auguste was now replacing, "Myself, Voltaire, and Frederick the Great."

THE MET

(*Continued from Page* 11)

It seems Junior visited his grandfather in New York recently and heard him spoken of over the radio.

"I'm very well known in New York, it seems," said the little fellow. "They are talking about me over the radio."

Then he went with his grandfather to the library and saw books filled with photographs of his illustrious grandaddy. He was very much impressed. Later that day he got into mischief. When he was caught he remarked, "When I think of those wonderful books in the library, I wonder how I can be so naughty."

He was allowed to take his nap in his grandfather's bed. One afternoon, however, he refused to sleep, explaining, "I am tired of an artist's bed."

It is Novikoff's dream to found a school where the young dancer will be lead in the footsteps of the great, from the very beginning.

"They will learn that the tiniest part is as important as the biggest. In a ballet there is no superiority but of talent, technique and devotion to your art. A ballet is nothing without the esprit de corps. An artist's work is never just a job by which he draws a weekly salary. It is a life's work that he does with love and gratitude in his heart."

He points out how essential ballet is to opera. It is a tradition of the French, Italian, and Russian schools of music that opera cannot exist without ballet. When Wagner's "Tanhauser" was first sung in Paris, the French people demanded a ballet. So Wagner wrote in the ballet as an opening to the Venusberg scene.

Civic opera is demonstrating its importance in community life today. Surely, now is the time for the "Met" to step out of the ashes of the past and create a fresh 1943 example of a modern streamlined ballet, with its own school and organization that will serve as a model for a whole, post war, rebirth of opera.

We are all counting on Laurent Novikoff to take the leadership in the opera ballet of the future.

THE NEWEST CRITIC

(*Continued from Page* 16)

score as being too personal for his dance concept of the theme. (Later on, Tudor selected a more neutral background by Delius). This is the type of discrimination all choreographers should evince in their choice of music, but unfortunately they don't.

Lawrence confesses to getting more fan mail as a dance critic than as a music critic, but is surprised to find he has received only one violent harangue so far, and this was anonymous, as is usual with haranguers.

He is serious enough about his approach to dancing actually to take ballet lessons and learn by doing. This is a worthy departure from most dance critics of today, and should become the rule rather than the exception.

Lawrence is serious about his interest in children, too, so serious that he takes time to write books for them. Besides several volumes on opera, he has had a series of ballet books for children published by Random House.

Right now he is all agog about the possibilities in conducting for ballet. His next appearance will be at the Chicago Civic Opera House with Ballet Theatre on March 1, directing guest performances of "Swan Lake" and "Aleko". It seems conducting for ballet is very different from conducting for opera. Lawrence believes really to lead a ballet properly, the conductor should know the score by heart, so he can watch the dancers every second. Next he believes a full rehearsal (usually considered a luxury in the ballet field) is essential. On occasion he has had to conduct performances after just a few moments conference with the principal dancers. This becomes conducting at sight and is a nerve wracking experience for all concerned. He would like to see what could be done with a closer cooperation between conductor and dancers. So would we! It seems like a virgin field and Lawrence seems uniquely qualified to undertake this project.

If Lawrence had his way, he would spend one third of his time conducting opera, one third conducting ballet, and one third writing.

He admires Massine's choreography and is enthusiatic about "Aleko" the "way you could be about a friend whose face you didn't like," which I took to mean he would like to do a bit of plastic surgery on "Aleko".

In conclusion Lawrence pointed out that he thought a dance critic's job quite different from a music critic's job. In the dance you have to build up an appreciative audience; in music you have to teach it to be critical. In the dance you have to discover, encourage and develop talent. In music, it is a question of weeding out the best from a super-abundance of aspirants. Both dance and music critics are called upon to do a certain amount of police duty to keep the organization and politics in their fields progressive and above board.

All in all, it looks like The Herald Tribune can boast of a dance critic that has a mind of his own, is conscientious and enthusiastic about his job, and best yet, isn't afraid to jump in with both feet (and hands) and see what can be done by a dance critic with a flair for conducting.

THE MOVIE MIRROR

(*Continued from Page* 20)

the chapel with Niko, Yolanda prays to the Russian virgin to save her father and family in Moscow from the wrath of the Czar, who persecutes them for their revolutionary ideas. As she prays, she learns from Father Paul how Mexico has for generations venerated the image of the virgin not knowing it to be of Russian origin.

Back in Mexico City, Julio witnesses, with two pals, a performance of Yolanda's ballet. La Fille Mal Gardée (which by the way was superbly danced by Baronova) He falls madly in love with her and takes her to Xochimilco's floating garden where they swear undying love for each other.

A letter arrives from Russia telling Yolanda that her father will be shot and her family banished by the Czar to Siberia. Villagran promises to see the President of Mexico in their behalf and says: "My friend, the President, would certainly be interested more to help my wife's family than that of a mere friend." When she decides to marry Villagran, Yolanda tells Julio, who, disappointed, leaves her.

A year passes. Julio is now an officer in the army. There are rumors of an impending revolution in the North.

During a military ball, he learns that one of his pals has deserted the army to join the rebels. Yolanda, now married to Villagran and the queen at this ball, sees Julio and the old love is born again. He asks her to leave Villagran and go away with him but is suddenly interrupted by the Secretary of War who brings news to Yolanda of her husband's sudden illness. Meeting Julio in the old chapel garden the next day, she tells him to wait. Her husband has but two months to live. Julio, disappointed and unwilling to wait, leaves her again telling her he is going to marry his former fiancée, Anita. Her scene with Julio is interrupted by the sudden arrival of Julio's pal, the deserter, who is being pursued by soldiers. To save his life, Julio hides him in the church choir.

To prevent his marriage to Anita, Yolanda denounces Julio for hiding a deserter. Julio is arrested and court-martialed and his pal is shot to death. Fearing for Julio's life, Yolanda tries to save him. Her appeals to the military warden are fruitless, but he consents to let her visit Julio in his cell, and hastens to inform Villagran of his wife's escapade with Julio.

Rising from his sick bed, Villagran goes to the Secretary of War and tells him he is about to die and wants revenge and company in his long journey. As Yolanda comes out of the prison, she finds Villagran waiting for her in her carriage. He tells her she is to have a "double widowhood". Realizing that everything is lost, Yolanda admits her guilt to her husband and promises to accompany him in death, if he would only save Julio's life.

In her offer to die with him, Villagran sees a great opportunity to save the honor of his family name. "People will say", he tells her, "that, unable to survive the shock, you chose to follow your husband in death rather than outlive him." That night they die together and Julio returns to his faithful Anita.

photo: Constantine

Viola Essen, erstwhile child dance prodigy of Michael Mordkin, prima ballerina at the age of 12, and more lately featured dancer in the season of Light Opera at Carnegie Hall, has been signed for a movie contract by Gregory Ratoff of 20th Century Fox to dance and act as a Russian girl in a forthcoming picture. She is now in Hollywood perfecting her Russian accent. Incidentally, this is one of the series of photos by Constantine that convinced the Hollywood director that Viola was highly photogenic and landed the contract for her.

CONSTANTINE

(*Continued from Page* 13)

"Did your beginner's luck keep up?" I asked Constantine.

"Not without some very embarrassing moments," he confessed. "Baranova saw some of my photos and asked me to come over and make a complete set of "Spectre de la Rose." I arrived all set with a new speed Graphic camera. I took twenty shots and used forty bulbs. What a set of photos! Baranova was at her best and Jasinsky never leaped higher. I could hardly wait to develop them! Imagine my horror when they all came out blank. I had forgotten to release the shutter at the back of the camera.

"Another time I was photographing Eugene Loring. He was in wonderful form, leaping and bouncing into the air like a rubber ball. But when I developed the first picture, there was Loring sitting serenely on the mantel piece. I had not noticed the mantel piece was directly behind Loring as he leapt, so as it gave the illusion he was sitting nonchalantly on the mantel. I never forgot to take notice of backgrounds after that.

"Oh, a photographer's life isn't made up completely of photographing beautiful ballerinas," continued Constantine. "Just the other day a mother brought her darling, budding ballerina daughter in to me to photograph. She looked like she'd been dipped in oil, and her mouth which was big to begin with, was made up so dark and so heavy, that her lips looked like pieces of raw liver. Another dancer came with finger

(*Continued on Page* 31)

THE THEATRE GOER

(*Continued from Page* 21)

on the style of Paul Draper, was a fine addition to the bill. He is a marvelous dancer with excellent technique, and also originality. He would be an attraction to any show, and I am sure, we'll see a lot of him as soon as some good manager gets hold of him.

Another outstanding feature was the four negro minstrel singers, who won many encores and repeated curtain calls. However, the whole thing lacked theatrical direction. I am sure if Veloz and Yolanda were supported by a group of dancers in costumes, and a larger orchestra, the bleakness of the stage as well as the apparent lack of spontaneous continuity would have been solved. Just a few additions could have turned it into a most successful attraction.

* * *

"The meanest Man in the World" with Jack Benny and Rochester (Eddie Anderson) now playing at the Roxy is highly entertaining, full of fun. The Roxy stage outdid itself with a jovial Russian Dance and song skit. The scenery and costumes were highly colorful. The Russian dances were well choreographed and the Russian quartet was excellent. There is also a modernistic skit in which Sherman and Seckler were featured.

The Gay Foster girls are well trained in this type of dancing and Sherman and Seckler are fine modernistic dancers. Their technique and body control is something to look at. Although not every one goes in for this sort of dancing, I think it fits right in with this present period of mechanization. It portrays energy, efficiency, coordination and speed.

In addition, the above stage show included "Truth and Consequences", and a good time was had by all.

The Roxy has made a great deal of headway in the last two years. However, a good orchestra would be an improvement. I think, at the Roxy you get more for your dollar than in any other movie house except the Music Hall, which still tops them all for my money.

* * *

CENTER FOR JAZZ DANCE

At last dance art is attempting to catch up with that of music, as far as the utilization of jazz is concerned. Mura Dehn, in launching her Academy of Swing, a School For Jazz Dancers, lists as her associates Asadata Dafora, foremost choreographer and exponent of African dances and music, and Whitey, famous leader of the Savoy Lindy Hoppers. Thus, with herself as a concert jazz dancer who has worked in this medium with success since 1932, the range of the possibilities of jazz for the dancer will be covered.

Since the idea of such an enterprise is a new one, a series of public lecture-recitals will be given once a month, at the Gellendre Studios, 157 West Fifty-fourth Street, headquarters of the Academy. The second is scheduled for March, to be given by Asadata Dafora. This should prove particularly interesting since there is practically no literature on the African dance.

CHINITA

(*Continued from Page* 15)

think that is hot stuff when really it is so different. Originally it was a secret dance of a religious Cult. The dance was supposed to express the sacrifice of a maiden and it was a battle between the devil and the saint to see who won her soul. It's funny it still means that to me when I dance it, and I can't understand why everybody thinks it's a hot number.

(See the "Hit Parade of 43", Republic's new musical and decide for yourself, we say).

"When we started to rehearse", continued Chinita, "Nick Castle said, it would take at least a month to prepare the dance scene, but we finished it in one week by rehearsing from 9 A.M. to 12 midnight. So don't go to Hollywood if you are afraid of work," concluded Chinita merrily.

But she is most enthusiastic about Nick Castle as a director. According to Chinita he lets an artist develop her own style, use her own steps and helps her arrange them most effectively.

At the end of the day Nick would say, "Chinita, how do you look so fresh and full of pep after the day's grind. I'm exhausted."

"I don't know", Chinita told him, "Probably because I was raised on rice, red beans and milk. Also, Spanish girls are never allowed to go out at night and are never up after nine o'clock until they finish school. That's enough to keep you wide awake the rest of your life, isn't it?"

"Did you ever dream you would be in the movies?" I asked Chinita.

"No. Never. Next to dancing I wanted to act, but I never said it to anyone because I was such a funny looking child."

"Funny looking!" I echoed in amazement.

"Oh, even funnier looking than I am now." she confessed in all seriousness. "This make-up helps me a lot. And then after my blonde hair turned black, it helped too."

And now I will tell you how Chinita really looked that day as she sat opposite me at lunch.

A portrait painter would need only two colors to do Chinita. Lots of red for her small full mouth, the red scarf around her neck, the red ribbon on her hair and the bright ripe cherries on her lapel. Then a rich sun gold tan for her skin. Of course, black and white don't count as colors, but all good paintings have some black and some white in them. The black in Chinita's portrait would be her strong blue black hair, brows and lashes. Then two more splashes of endless darkness set in flashing white for her eyes. If she were smiling, and Chinita probably would be, there would be more bright white for those 2 rows of small even teeth. Now some pure gold for the tiny cross hanging devoutly seductive from each ear, and you see Chinita in all her fresh young glory, enjoying every breath she draws.

I asked her how dancing in the movies was different from dancing in night clubs.

"Not so different. The only thing I noticed was they reminded me not to drop my head at certain angles because it wouldn't photograph."

"Did you miss the audience?" I asked.

"There is always plenty audience in the company. They all stand around and watch you dance."

"What were your impressions in seeing yourself in the movies?" was the next question.

"I have only seen the rushes and I was so surprised the dance went so fast I could not study all the things I intended to. Then I thought I looked funny standing around between dances. The camera keeps on taking after the scene is over and some very funny things get in. I know I'll never be satisfied with a picture. I always can see where I could have done something better. I can hardly wait until I get another chance to do all the things I think of afterward."

"When do you think of all these things?"

"When I knit. That's why I like to knit. It gives me plenty of time to think."

But right then Chinita had to rush to her practice period.

"Well even stars must practice, I suppose," I observed sympathetically.

"Stars? You're not talking about me, are you?" asked Chinita, all amazed and wide eyed.

But from all accounts, Chinita has made a big hit in her first picture and it won't be long now. Although I imagine from what I saw of Chinita it will be a long time before Chinita goes Hollywood on us.

She is all agog but thoroughly unself-conscious and unspoiled. She was surprised not to see all the stars on the Hollywood streets. She loves Hollywood anyway, but she loves New York even better. She wants to sing, dance and act the rest of her life. From the looks of things now, she is going to have all the opportunity she wants.

MORE HULLABALOOS

(*Continued from Page* 27)

Don't believe that there aren't good sports in the dance profession! Through a typographical error, GLORIA JAMES' name was left off the picture she was in last month, and we didn't even receive a phone call about it. But we are happy to say right now, Gloria was the pretty little girl front right in the picture on page 28 of the February Dance.

* * *

HASOUTRA a war worker, with a responsible job, plans to give a series of studio recitals soon . . . FREDERICO REY was asked to bring his costumes to camp at Fort Dix . . . TITO and CORINNE VALDEZ were said to be the handsomest couple at NADJA'S "cocktail party" . . . LILY STRICKLAND'S East Indian Ballet written for Pavlowa, is now a finished score. Pavlowa heard it, just before her death . . . JULIA CROSS is preparing for recital . . . PAUL MAGRIEL now at Kessler Field . . . CAPTAIN MARTIN KAMIN is at Fort Meade . . . LEONORE BLAND, once a St. Denis dancer, is heading a Girl Scout unit . . . PAUL MATHIS in Mobile, promoted in his defense job. Teaches at night . . . LARRY LEONARD, dancer, in the air force.

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CONSTANTINE

(*Continued from Page* 29)

nails two inches long and bright with aluminum paint. You couldn't see the dancer for the fingernails!

"When I was lecturing on dance photography at an educational institution, recently, part of the program was to make actual photographs of the models, which the school was to supply. Well, one model was too tall and skinny, another was plenty short and fat, one was homely as the proverbial hedge fence, a fourth had such a bad disposition she wouldn't do a thing she was requested, the fifth had a mother (enough said!). But the sixth was all a photographer could ask, and that's just about the percentage! But it is that 16% of a dance photographer's job makes up for the other 66% that not only gets into his hair but worse still gets into his camera!"

If you still have any doubt that Constantine is a man of parts, you should hear him discuss bull fighting, and see the photographs he took of the national sport of Mexico.

"It's like a gorgeous ballet," explains Constantine, "but the stakes there are all that life has to give—or death."

It seems when he went to photograph Felix Guzman he found him in a highly nervous state. The torero would permit no overhead light because it was a bad omen. No one was allowed to touch any part of his apparel. When Constantine started to bid him good bye, he stopped him with the command, "Say only, 'Until we meet again'!"

That afternoon Constantine had the horrifying experience of seeing the torero terribly gored by the bull.

Constantine's next encounter with a torero was a happier one. He met Julio Reyna after photographing him during the bull fight. At first, the torero was very upstage but he became interested in Constantine's idea of the similarity of the bull fight and the ballet. He started to teach Constantine the torero's cape movements. Constantine proved an apt pupil and began waving the cape around with abandon.

"Marvelous!" he said, "Only Carray! look at the bull!"

Incidently, Constantine's bullfighting photographs are as remarkable as his dance pictures.

One of the near tragedies of Constantine's career happened when he was photographing Sono Osato.

He told her to bring as many changes of costume as possible. For extra measure she threw in her sister's gorgeous evening gown and wrap. After Constantine arranged all the lights, one behind her, and one at each side, he gave his attention to the camera.

Without Constantine's realizing it, Sono Osato had draped her dress over the back light. In another moment the dress burst into flame. Constantine managed to rescue Sono Osato but her sister's dress was beyond repair! Constantine finished with the philosophical observation, "It's always the borrowed finery that is the first to go up in smoke!"

Constantine will have several new exhibits this spring, one at the Brooklyn Institute of Art and Sciences, during February, won enthusiastic comment from the press. The Metro Camera News said "this exhibit gives amateurs an opportunity to view the works of this master of dance photography". Another at the Kamin Book Shop, and a third during National Dance Week, will be announced next month.

Constantine believes that each form of the dance has its own photographic possibilities. The dance photographer has to be acquainted with the various dance techniques to do each pustice. It is this preoccupation with the dance in all its phases that makes Constantine the dance-photographer par excellence.

MAIL BAG

(*Continued from Page* 4)

I have something to say about the home front. I applaud the fine reception accorded "Rodeo" because it means people recognized the great use of folk dance in ballet, and I am glad the public have seen the marvelous dancing in "Pillar of Fire" but I am sorry that George Balanchine's "Ballet Imperial" has not been understood, and that Lew Christensen's "Pastoralla" has not reached a wide audience.

Mere existence should be assured the ballet, and if it is not, it will return soon after the war. But we are not fighting for shadows. We are fighting for realities, in the artistic world.

Therefore it is important that the audience should understand, more than ever, what is great in what they see. Be critical! And it is important that dancers give their best, and increase their repertoire.

This should be the answer to those who are disparaging the arts, today.

Corporal Baird Hastings,

* * *

Dolores Burgh writes from Seattle

I thought you might be interested in a few dance notes from Seattle!

The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo which appeared here the latter part of December, met with tremendous success. Dance critics hailed it as the best company which has appeared here since Anna Pavlowa's company. The opening night "Giselle" with Mia Slavenska, and Igor Youskevitch in the leading roles brought more than thirteen curtain calls. Every performance was superbly stated and danced. The corps de ballet in perfect unison. Our local newspapers lauded Mons. Jean Yazvinsky.

During their many appearances at Seattle, Ivan Novikoff of the Novikoff School of Russian American Ballet always entertains the company with a large Russian buffet supper. This year the party was given on the closing night. A buffet of Russian delicacies was served to the artists. There was a large Christmas tree beautifully decorated and lighted, long candlelit tables flanking the walls. Ballroom dancing was enjoyed by guests, and Russian music.

The Ballet Theatre will appear here tomorrow evening, January 21st, 22nd, 23rd. With three ballet performances in the year, the crowds are most enthusiastic. The Ballet Russe having appeared twice, the latter part of August and in December, and now the Ballet Theatre. The Ballet Theatre came through Seattle on Sunday, enroute to Victoria, B. C.

NEWS FROM BRAZIL

Realizing the terrific interest in the art of dancing, stimulated thru the local appearances of foreign dancing groups during the past few years, along with the progress of the 'corps de ballet' of the Teatro Municipal and the bookings of well known dancers, teams and groups into Rio's famous Casinos, Senhor Sansao Castello Branco, secretary of the Uniao Nacional dos Estudantes (National Union of Students) is formulating plans for the adoption of dancing courses in the universities and colleges throughout Brazil.

According to the present plans, it is hoped that the courses will be included in the 1943 curriculum, when the schools open about the first of April. A teaching staff is now being organized and the course will include the ballet, classical in all forms, folk, modern and rhythm dances. Teachers of international fame will be engaged for the various courses.

Leda Yuqui and Carlos Leite, both of the Municipal ballet have been engaged to head the ballet staff. Gert Malmgren formerly of the Ballet Jooss and Nita Brandao have been engaged as teachers.

Madeleine Rosay, premiere ballerina in the Casino Urca floor-shows, injured her ankle on the opening night of their new show and has gone away for a six weeks rest. This is the first time she has missed a performance in Urca since opening two years ago.

Eros Volusia, who appeared in the Metro Goldwyn Mayer film "Rio Rita" is head of the teaching staff in the National Theatre Service sponsored by the Board of Education. The annual recital was given last month.

Col. W. de Basil's Original Ballet is scheduled to open the concert season in the local Municipal. The Municipal is now in the throes of extensive alterations and decorations, and is expected to open in mid-April.

Mariquita Flores and Antonio de Cordoba are now on their sixth month in the grill room of the Casino Urca, and still heavy favorites.

Leda Yuqui, one of the principal dancers in the Municipal ballet, is appearing in the present revue in the Golden Room of the Casino Copacabana. Senhora Yuqui takes over the post of premiere ballerina. replacing Nini Theilade, who will now devote full time to the staging and presentation of the Copacabana revues. Senhora Theilade, formerly of the Ballet Russe, who married following the South American tour of the ballet back in 1941, taking up residence in Rio, came out of retirement to head the Copacabana revues last February.

Theodora Roosevelt and Alexandre Yolas, (U. S. dance team) have returned to the States following highly successful engagements throughout Brazil which started back in June 1942, in the Golden Room of the Casino Copacabana. Coming to Rio de Janeiro for a six weeks engagement, their artistic success, coupled with public reaction extended their engagements throughout Brazil to well over eight months.

James MacLean

RATIONING

(*Continued from Page* 9)

ficient shoe support to make their dancing successful.

Speaking of rations, war priorities and rules, you know dance teachers can get necessary gas and supplementary tires for teaching.

Of importance, too, is the OPA ruling: "Driving to music and dancing lessons is ineligible unless they are given as part of, or consist of, a regular and recognized course of study. The existence of a prior bona fide agreement for a series of such lessons would be evidence of a regular and recognized course of study."

Payment of tuition in advance would be considered evidence of such an agreement.

Other releases from the government, important to dancers are:

"With a limited group of "play" shoes being released from rationing (Thursday, February 25, 1943), along with certain other types not generally used for street wear, Price Administrator Prentiss M. Brown today appealed to consumers to limit their purchases of these shoes to one pair per person.

In making his appeal that consumers limit themselves to one pair each, the Price Administrator said: "Consumers are urged to buy these non-rationed shoes only if they really need them, and dealers are asked to limit sales to one pair to a customer in order to avoid the stocking of idle shoes in consumers' closets."

"The gasoline rationing amendment allows any car owner who has to drive to and from work and whose B ration is insufficient to apply for a C ration book provided that the car carries as many persons as possible. Applications are to be filed with local boards, but decision on them will rest with either the district or State OPA office.

The relaxation of tire recapping rules allows car owners to have their tires recapped freely, without applying to their local boards for permission".

RADIO FROM IRELAND

(*Continued from Page* 7)

a dance floor. Now, we know that is not the case at home. An American who wishes to dance, usually does so without any more instruction than having a friend tell him or show him what to do (often with a devastating effect, I might add).

It has been said that Britishers take their pleasures seriously. I think that whoever invented that phrase was trying to account for a certain inherent English shyness. A Britisher wants to know how to do a thing correctly before he does it in public, not a bad idea, either. The average American, being completely unselfconscious, dances if he feels like it, and that's that. However, may I say that your inborn sense of rhythm makes you better *natural* dancers than the British.

The standard dances here are waltz, slow foxtrot, quickstep (our fast foxtrot) and tango, with very little of the last mentioned. You will miss the Latin American dances and the Lindy and Shag, but don't forget, a good dancer is always a good dancer in any country. If you hold yourself well and have a good lead, the actual steps are not of nearly so much importance as the way you do them.

An OPEN LETTER To The Dancer

(THIS IS NO MILITARY SECRET . . .)

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DANCE CALENDAR

★	March 14—Ice-Capades (March 14-April 4)	Chicago, Ill.
	Ballet Theatre	Pittsburgh, Pa.
	Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, William Bales	YMHA 92nd & Lex. Ave., N.Y.C.
	March 15—Ballet Theatre (March 15-March 20)	Toronto, Ontario
	Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo	Bethlehem, Pa.
	Maria Gambarelli	Sheridan, Wyo.
	Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Ogden, Utah
	March 16—Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Logan, Utah
	Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo	Providence, R. I.
	March 17—Maria Gambarelli	Ellensburg, Wash.
	Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A. (March 17 and 18)	Salt Lake City, Utah
	March 18—Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo	Bridgeport, Conn.
	March 19—Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo	Danbury, Conn.
	Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo	Brooklyn, N. Y.
	March 20—Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo	Newark, N. J.
	March 21—Maria Gambarelli (March 21-March 27)	California
	March 22—Ballet Theatre	London, Ontario
	Metropolitan Opera Co. (March 22-April 3)	Chicago, Ill.
	Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Aberdeen, S. D.
	March 23—Ice Follies (March 23-April 8)	Minneapolis, Minn.
	Ballet Theatre	Hamilton, Ontario
	March 24—Ballet Theatre	Ottawa, Ontario
	Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Bemidji, Minn.
	La Meri and the Natya Dancers	Ethnologic Dance Center, N.Y.C.
	March 25—Ballet Theatre (March 25-March 28)	Ottawa, Ontario
	Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Superior, Wisc.
	March 26—Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Superior, Wisc.
	March 27—Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Hibbing, Minn.
	Martha Graham	New York, N. Y.
	Ballerina (Motion Picture)	New York, N. Y.
	March 28—Hanya Holm and Group	YMHA 92nd & Lex. Ave., N.Y.C.
	Ballerina (Motion Picture)	New York, N. Y.
	March 29—Maria Gambarelli	Phoenix, Ariz.
	Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A. (March 29-March 30)	Virginia, Minn.
	March 30—La Meri and the Natya Dancers	Barbizon Plaza, N.Y.C.
	Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Two Harbors, Minn.
	March 31—Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Duluth, Minn.
★	April 1—Y.M.H.A. Dance Recital	YMHA 92nd & Lex. Ave., N.Y.C.
	April 2—Maria Gambarelli	Lafayette, La.
	April 3—Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Dearborn, Mich.
	April 5—Ice-Capades (April 5-April 7)	Champaign, Ill.
	Metropolitan Opera Co. (April 5-April 10)	Cleveland, Ohio
	Maria Gambarelli	Fort Smith, Ark.
	April 9—Ice-Capades (April 9-April 15)	Kansas City, Miss.
	Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Collingswood, N. J.
	April 10—Doodle Dandy of the U. S. A.	Haddonfield, N. J.
	April 11—Martha Graham and Group	YMHA 92nd & Lex. Ave., N.Y.C.
	April 12—Maria Gambarelli	Nashville, Tenn.
	April 13—La Meri and the Natya Dancers	Ethnologic Dance Center, N.Y.C.
	April 14—Maria Gambarelli	Salisbury, Md.

Drawing by Bernice Oehler